





ADVENTURES OF A GREEN DRAGON

ADVENTURES
OF A
GREEN DRAGON

T. M. O.

(Thomas Mott Osborne)
" author

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A FEW WORDS OF DEDICATION

To those who shared the Green Dragon's perilous and peculiar adventures this little volume is dedicated.

H. S. B., K. U., D. M. O., C. D. O.,

and last but not least the careful, patient, and unselfish Keeper of the Dragon,

R. I. G.

(They may not appreciate the compliment, but a book—even a booklet—must be dedicated to somebody in order to be thoroughly respectable; so whether they like it or not this volume is dedicated to them).

THE PUBLISHER'S EXCUSE

In these days no book should be published without a proper and satisfactory excuse, expressed or implied. It is hard to find one for this. It is not wise; it is not witty; it contributes nothing to the sum of human knowledge; it has no letter of introduction from the President of the United States; it is not a light and frivolous novel of adventure, nor one of Biblical title and portentous social seriousness. In short to the casual and superficial observer it seems to have not even a poor excuse for being. Yet it has one.

These letters, written during a brief holiday, to such friends as could be reached through the columns of THE AUBURN CITIZEN, found a pleasant and quite unexpected reception; for upon his return the writer received so many requests for their reprinting that he was not proof against the flattery implied. If anyone wants any particular thing from a "literary man" (either with or without a wooden leg—in other words, professional or "amachoor,")—of course he ought to have it; that is the first principle of literary Democracy as preached by our daily journals.

Therefore, for those who wish to read or re-read these letters—here they are. Them as don't want 'em needn't have 'em. The writer realizes as well as others that his wares are not for all markets.

A FEW WORDS BY WAY OF PREFACE

We called it the Green Dragon. Not that there was any particular sense in the name—except that it certainly was green; but as Miss Betsy Trotwood might have observed, “In the name of Heaven, why—Dragon?”

The answer is, of course, that we had to call it something. The French academy has gravely decided that all such modern fabulous monsters are of masculine gender, so that it must be a “he;” and the dear friend to whom we referred the matter, after he had been led forth for her inspection, quietly remarked, “What name? Why, the Green Dragon, of course.” So the

GREEN DRAGON,

of course he was and is.
And thereby hangs a tale.

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I

AT SEA.

S. S. Philadelphia,

Friday, June 28, 1907.

This, it is only fair to state at once, is not chapter first of the Green Dragon's adventures, because we do not know at present just where the Dragon is. He sailed from New York before we did. And incidentally he went off with all our steamer rugs, which he had carried safely to New York for us, and just as safely (we hope) has carried to Southampton packed carefully in the same case with himself. For which piece of thoughtlessness we should have blamed the Dragon more seriously than we do, had not a kind "Lady from Philadelphia" come to our aid,—as you remember she always used to do with the unfortunate Peterkins; with which family I regret to say our present party has much in common.

But we have hardly needed our own rugs or those of the Lady from Philadelphia on this voyage. Such weather was surely never seen on the Atlantic before; warm, pleasant sunshine, soft air, blue seas almost as smooth as the traditional

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mill pond;—one is almost tempted to take back all the disagreeable remarks one has ever made about ocean travel. And when you add to all these things a tableful of pleasant companions—our own six and four other friends—you can readily understand the situation. Of course, clouds we have had—during one day and part of another; a dash or two of rain; two days of mild rolling in the wake of a storm, account of which had been sent us the night before by wireless telegraphy from another vessel; but these have served only to enhance the beauty of such a day as Tuesday.

It has been the fate of some of us to travel many miles by sea in the course of our lives, but never have we seen a more wonderful day. The ocean level as a lake, and only ruffled by the light breezes which stirred the waters at times to a mere ripple, and then again to a rough surface of broken blues; a slight haze about the horizon; and the sea gulls, darting streaks of white, flying hither and thither. All day the same soft air; all day the constant changes of light clouds and gentle shifting winds.

Just as we went down to dinner the sun was setting in a glory of pink and gold behind a bank of dark cloud; and as we came back to the deck the full moon had risen into a sky pale blue above the dark blue water, while delicate brown

AT SEA.

clouds edged with opal and yellow, drifted across the sky, and the waters rippled a golden pathway to the rising moon.

But why attempt to describe a sunset? or why, in fact, write an account of a sea voyage at all? It is such an old story to most people. Everyone has either tried it or read about it until it has become threadbare. There are some queer people who claim that they enjoy a sea voyage; I have always believed they were humbugs. At the best it is a bore; and at the worst it is—something, the name of which is not usually spoken in polite society.

But as I have shown, this voyage is the exception;—agreeable company and fine weather can make even a sea voyage pleasant.



Our boat is not especially attractive. The staterooms we occupy are small and crowded; but fortunately they are upon the upper deck, where there are more accommodations than on any other boat I was ever on. With a port-hole open all the time fresh air can be had,—but there is no other method of ventilation; in this respect the rooms on the lower decks are better. The service is good, and the food very poor. Perhaps it is partly owing to the latter fact that none of us have been seasick;—in fact all of us feel ex-

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traordinarily well—we do not eat too much. With the fruit which we brought, and the pasteurized cream produced on the second day by one of our friends, and which has kept sweet all the way over, we have supplemented the regular food to our great advantage and comfort.

Our fellow passengers? Well, with the exception of the friends at our own jolly table and a few others, we are not favorably impressed; so perhaps the less that is said the better. Taken as a whole we seem to have fallen in with about the most discouraging lot of humanity that could well be imagined. It was Dr. Johnson who stoutly maintained the superior advantages of a sojourn in jail over a sea voyage; arguing that on the whole you were freer and had greater variety, besides other advantages as to companionship. If Dr. Johnson could have scanned our ship's company, far be it from me to maintain that he would have changed his opinion. We have variety, certainly; and although we know variety is the spice of life—yet there is a choice, even in spices.



But how about the Green Dragon? Well, you see we don't know anything about him. We hope he's in Southampton by this time waiting for us; and that we shall catch him there when we arrive.

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Then apparently, according to the guide books, we shall have to get various registers and permits, and have him thoroughly decorated with red tape by the Circumlocution Office, before we can start. But this is one of the advantages of trying something new—a delightful uncertainty lies before you. As Mr. Dooley sagely remarks about the owner of an automobile, he doesn't know whether he will land in the poor house or in jail;—and this uncertainty gives zest to the experience.



I had nearly forgotten to mention the one new thing about a sea voyage—the Marconi wireless telegraph. As one paces the deck outside a certain cabin one hears fizzing and spluttering going on inside. From the roof of the cabin wires go up to other wires reaching from mast to mast—and that is all apparently. Yet with this slight apparatus we have been in touch with the American shore, with passing ships many miles away, or with the English shore, ever since we started. A White Star Liner going west wired us of the storm she had been having, and in the afternoon of the following day we were in the wake of the storm. A few telegrams have been posted up at the door of the saloon; and one gentleman from mid-ocean telegraphed to his wife in London, and

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received an answer within three hours. A new marvel is already becoming staled to commonplace, and the sea is no longer lonesome.

But this new wonder of ocean travel does not affect the ordinary life of the voyage. The old game goes on as it has for thirty-five years at least—I myself can vouch for it that long—eating and sleeping, reading and talking, betting and gambling in the smoking room, flirting on the upper deck; with a certain queer sub-conscious feeling all the time that one has never existed anywhere else for years and years—and will continue so indefinitely for years to come.

But in reality the end is at hand;—to-morrow we expect to arrive in England, where our first duty will be to find the Green Dragon.



II

EXETER AND SALISBURY

Southampton,

Monday, July 1, 1907.

Mark Twain, naming his book "A Tramp Abroad," proceeds to describe his journeyings by every manner of conveyance—steamer, carriage, horseback, railway, even a raft—everything except tramping. On the same principle after opening these adventures by telling of a sea voyage without the Dragon, I must now proceed to relate our journey from Plymouth to Southampton by rail.

When we left New York we supposed we were going to Southampton direct; later we found that the steamship stopped first at Plymouth, then crossed to Cherbourg, and then came back again to Southampton—a rather ridiculous arrangement, for if Plymouth, why Southampton? And if Southampton, why Plymouth?

A day or so before we sighted land it became evident that we should arrive at Plymouth on Saturday morning; and that meant that Southampton would not be reached before late Saturday evening. On Sunday in England, of course one can do nothing toward getting a dragon into

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commission, even if he be a green one. It seemed sensible, therefore, to abandon the ship at Plymouth, spend Saturday afternoon at Exeter and Sunday at Salisbury, and thus gain practically two days.

Saturday morning found us therefore on deck, with such of the passengers as were going ashore, enjoying the beauty of Plymouth harbor, and prepared to begin our trip without the Green Dragon, who was presumably reposing in his box at Southampton.



Plymouth harbor is a beautiful place at any time, with bold hills and deep valleys surrounding it, with the city looking very fresh and white and clean as it rises from the blue waters of the bay, and with the noble estate of Mount Edgecomb on its promontory amid fine trees and lovely gardens showing all imaginable shades of green. But as we saw it all, bathed in sunshine while a superb mass of dark rain clouds came sweeping down from the northeast, it looked like a typical painting by Constable or Turner. In fact wherever you go in England you constantly see landscape effects which you have always supposed lay only in the imaginations of painters.

After a short delay at the customs for a merely perfunctory look at our luggage, we are on board

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the train and off for our first taste of England. Everything is new, interesting and delightful; the cars so different from our own and so comfortable,—with our jolly party just filling two compartments adjoining; the city of Plymouth and its rows upon rows of little houses, with what Tennyson calls “roofs of slated hideousness;” the wild flowers growing in every cranny of the rocks, every crack in the walls, every chink in the tiles—to say nothing of the glowing gardens and the roses climbing over the walls. England may well hold the rose as its emblem, for roses are everywhere—of all colors, and more lovely than ever this damp and cold season.



The English towns are ugly no doubt, but it is a different kind of ugliness from ours. Our town ugliness is the ugliness of dirt, confusion and the decaying lumber of back yards; this ugliness is the ugliness of discolored, yellowish brick and hard slate roofs. But as a rule the English town ugliness is clean, and therefore more tolerable than ours. In fact as we went through Plymouth we were reminded of “Spotless Town” in the Sapolio advertisements. The whole place, as one sees it from the railway, looks a good deal like those ridiculous toy villages in the Noah’s Ark period of our infancy.

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But when one gets out into the country, then one begins to appreciate the beauty of England. The glory of the green fields and hedges; the narrow lanes winding through the hills and bordered by banks and bushes and trees; the old thatched cottages and farm buildings grouped in picturesque confusion; the charming little country churches and parsonages; the views down into cultivated valleys and up over the rough hills of Dartmoor. We skirt Dartmoor on the west and north, and so come running down to Exeter.

In the meantime luncheon has been served on the train. Such a good luncheon and so well served; both service and food being far better than we find in dining cars at home.



At Exeter we leave our hand luggage at the station and walk through the quaint and narrow streets until we find ourselves in front of the town's chief treasure—its cathedral.

Exeter is not one of the great cathedrals, but it is of considerable beauty and interest. First built in Norman times it still shows traces of round-arched architecture in the two great towers which rise above the transepts. The rest of the church is Gothic of the period called in England "decorated," which means construction

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of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The window traceries are fine and varied, and the sculpture about the west door of remarkable interest.

The interior is more striking than the exterior—having a number of interesting and beautiful details. Among others a magnificent bishop's throne carved in oak, of the early fifteenth century. The verger told us that it had cost the cathedral twelve pounds—eight for material and four for workmanship—a price which certainly is an argument to show that it was produced in an age of faith. No words can give an idea of the wonder and beauty of the carving which rises in pinnacle after pinnacle of delicate lace-work up almost to the vaulting of the choir.



What it is that impels one after admiring some beautiful thing in art or nature—after listening to some great opera, studying some wonderful cathedral, or looking at some glorious view—to crave food, is difficult to explain to one's satisfaction; and it does not matter anyway. According to Emerson "Beauty is its own excuse for being;" and certainly English strawberries and Devonshire clotted cream are their own excuse for eating.

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Far be it from me to deny that the United States is the greatest country in the world; but when it comes to old cathedrals and new strawberries it must simply be confessed that we are not "in it." Doubtless we could raise such berries, but doubtless we don't. In flavor especially, but in size as well, the English strawberry exceeds anything we ever tasted in our country. It is interesting to note also that the berries are sold by the pound instead of the quart; and that the price is regulated by the flavor and not the size. Friends here tell us that owing to the cold and rainy season strawberries are not as fine as usual. If this is so it is lucky for the health of our party that we have come in an off year. Judging by our performances at Exeter with Devonshire cream and the present season's strawberries, I should decline to be responsible for results if the fruit were any more delicious.



From Exeter another delightful ride through lovely country brought us to Salisbury, where we put up for the night at the White Hart.—Oh, these delightful English names!—suggestive at every turn of Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope. And especially the inn names! One expects to run across Sam Weller any moment; and Mr. Pickwick might just as well have got into the

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wrong room and encountered the middle-aged lady in yellow curl papers at the White Hart in Salisbury, as at the White Horse in Ipswich, where, as I remember, the event actually did occur.



After dinner we strolled out into the twilight to take a look at the cathedral. We could not go to bed until we had seen that wonderful spire rising into the silent evening sky. So we turned under the old Gothic gateway into the close, or cathedral precincts, and soon were standing face to face with one of the most perfect of all earthly things—the view of Salisbury cathedral from the northeast. I shall not attempt to describe it—that has been done so often, and it has been so often pictured that most people know its outlines; but until they have actually seen it no one can comprehend the exquisite loveliness of the level green carpet from which the church rises, and the noble trees that are grouped about the picture, the impressiveness of the great walls of masonry which fall into such beautiful relations of line with line and mass with mass, or the glory of that wonderful spire—one of the most daring and poetical of all the architectural feats of the middle ages.

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Is the scene more beautiful by night or by day?
Who cares. Happy we who can see it at both
times.



We spent Sunday at Salisbury, looking at the cathedral in the forenoon, and in the afternoon walking out to Old Sarum.

Old Sarum is not, as the sound might imply, the name of some worthy ancient peasant dame, but is the original Salisbury, perched up on top of a high hill. Here was the old British town; here the Romans placed a fortified camp; here the Normans built massive walls and towers and a well-nigh impregnable castle; here was erected the first cathedral; from here, when it was no longer necessary to fortify the house of God from the violence of man, the churchmen determined to move to the pleasanter and more convenient valley below; and from here the rest of the population followed, until the old city on the hill was left bare and desolate, the stone crumbling and the walls decaying, until walls, castle, church and cottage were utterly obliterated. Curiously enough, however, Old Sarum, while no longer inhabited by man, continued to send representatives to parliament through several centuries; even down to the passage of the great reform bill of 1832 which wiped out so many other "rotten

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boroughs." Old Sarum was a most typical and flagrant example of a rotten borough—this old ruin on its uninhabited hill-top sending its members to the House of Commons while thriving cities like Manchester, Birmingham and Leeds were denied representation.



But this chapter is getting too long; and just as we had to hurry back from Old Sarum to escape a heavy shower which came sweeping up from the south, so we must now hurry quickly to a close by merely noting that we left Salisbury late Sunday afternoon, and were soon in Southampton ready to mount the Green Dragon and fly through the beautiful country we had seen from the windows of the railway train.



III

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

Southampton,

Wednesday, July 3, 1907.

In telling of Exeter and Salisbury some incidents were purposely omitted because as will be readily seen they group more artistically with the story which is now to be related; and if you have tears prepare to shed them now, for certainly this will be a tale calculated to make many a gentle lady weep, and eke many a stern man turn away his face to hide a furtive tear. Marry! Go to!



Landing at Plymouth we found the South-western railway did not provide a place large enough to enable all the luggage to be examined at once, so the passengers were admitted in batches; and our party, being composed of modest and retiring persons who do not push themselves forward unduly, unfortunately found itself in the last batch.

The special train for taking the steamer passengers to London, and which incidentally was to take our party as far as Exeter, was waiting;

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but rage and consternation filled our breasts—two of our valises were missing—were nowhere to be found. We were sure that they had been put on the tug, but they certainly were not awaiting us at the customs.

Then we fully appreciated the beauty of at least one English habit. If we had been in America and were not ready when the train was, so much the worse for us—we should simply have been left behind—the convenience of the majority would prevail; but being in England distracted conductors tore madly up and down the platform, anxious porters pried into all the railway carriages, officials of steamship and railway took notes and prepared reports by the dozen, the train with all its passengers ready to start was held up indefinitely because two small pieces of luggage were missing, and their owners objected to going forward without all their belongings. The inalienable right of the individual to make a row when he is abused is universally recognized here; and the custom certainly has its advantages.

The Gordian knot was cut by one of our own party, who, diving into the remote corners of one of the luggage vans, raised a shout of triumphant discovery. The two valises had been inadvertently trundled off with some one else's luggage; and there being no system of baggage

checking, had been carefully put with the trunks for London. Being thus recovered by the owners, the two valises no longer blocked the departure of the train. We moved on and the various official reports of the occurrence were cancelled—all except one. One faithful servant of the steamship company, as we learned afterwards, undeterred by the fact that the articles had been found, sent in his report just the same. I presume the occurrence is still being investigated in some form or other,—for that also is an English custom—the Circumlocation Office still flourishes if not in its pristine vigor at least to an appreciable extent.



But this was only the first link in a chain of accidents. In the flurry over the missing valises the porter had been told to label our one trunk for Exeter. Presumably he did so—one never knows until the end of the journey whether one's luggage has been labeled for the proper destination or some place in Eastern Siberia. If it turns up then you know it was done right, if it doesn't—! Well, this time it didn't. Getting off at Exeter the porter took control of our party, went as in duty bound to one luggage van, they sent him to another, and before we could get hold of the guard, (as the conductor is called over here),

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the train was off and away. You see we had no real business, according to English notions, to be traveling to Exeter on a through London express.

However that might be, there was the trunk going on to London, and there were we at Exeter. Then there was more excitement, and more notes taken and more reports prepared; and we were assured that telegrams would be sent and the trunk would surely be taken off at Salisbury. So with this assurance we started for Exeter cathedral and strawberries with Devonshire cream.

Later in the afternoon we arrived in Salisbury—no trunk! Then more rows, more notes and reports prepared, more telegrams sent (at the railway's expense it must be admitted); and we were informed that the next morning at the latest the trunk would be there. The morning came—the trunk did not; but we were now told that it had gone to Southampton. How they knew we were going to Southampton was never discovered; but when we arrived at Southampton there to be sure was the trunk; and so that episode ended.



Monday morning after starting the unpacking of the Green Dragon, a voyage of discovery was begun in search of the luggage left on the

steamer. The customs was quickly found; and there was our luggage—some of it. Of the hand luggage left with the baggage steward one hold-all was missing; of the three trunks that had gone into the hold in New York, one was there—the motor trunk, robbed of its straps and with five great gouges taken out of the leather; the two others had disappeared. When I commented with warmth upon these facts the man who had care of the things remembered that one trunk had been sent to London; another passenger having missed one of his trunks ours had been casually sent to him as a sort of consolation prize.

We went to the office of the steamship line and gave a careful description of the lost property. The clerk was very polite; he also took notes, and was almost sympathetic, although he seemed to think it was quite our fault;—"You got off at Plymouth, you know." That seemed sufficient excuse for the company's carelessness. About the missing straps they would do nothing except investigate; "We will make inquiries," said the polite clerk. "But in the meantime," said I, "we wish to start on our journey; and how long are we to wait the result of your inquiries? Do you expect that the man who stole the straps is going to tell you all about it?" These questions were too profound to be answered, except by saying, "Well, we must make inquiries first, you know."

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I imagine that the matter of those two straps, (value seven shillings and six pence), may by this time have got almost as far as the third vice-president—or the fourth assistant auditor; and by the time we return to Europe for our next trip they may be able to tell us whether they admit the facts and are prepared to replace the straps.



In the meantime, where was the third trunk? One was strapless, but existant; one had been sent to London to console the other bereaved passenger; but the third had apparently vanished into the air. The hold-all was soon recovered. The baggage-steward having remembered to land ten parcels had suddenly grown shy and retiring with the eleventh; the hold-all was found in his room on the steamer. And to make a long story short, after the London trunk had reached us, by dint of telegraphing to London, Plymouth and Cherbourg, the missing one was discovered—in Paris. Being plainly labeled “Southampton” in large letters, it had been landed at Cherbourg and forwarded as far as possible in the contrary direction.

We afterwards heard of other mix-ups; one lady who went through to Southampton had her trunks landed at Plymouth, and there seems to have been the most careless handling of luggage all around. It is not necessary to comment upon

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the facts; as far as we are at present concerned by Tuesday morning we and all our trunks were finally united, to the joy and satisfaction of every one, and we were ready to fly away with the Green Dragon.



The Green Dragon! Ah, yes, the Green Dragon! He was there all right—on the Southampton dock. Very little the worse for his steamship voyage apparently, and ready to start for anywhere. So we hustled about, getting last things ready—for instance, trunk traps to serve while the steamer office was “making inquiries;” also securing registration papers and permits to guide the Dragon and other necessities of an English trip of this kind. By dint of unusual energy we succeeded in doing most of all this on Monday morning (in the intervals of swearing over our luggage complications), and after luncheon announced ourselves as ready to start.

But speaking of starting, there is one thing vitally necessary in managing dragons. It is known as a “switch-plug.” Most people with scientific knowledge know too much to explain its use so they can be understood; so perhaps an unscientific definition will make the matter clear. It is the little brass thing with a short piece sticking out of the middle; you stick that piece into a

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small hole which is on a thing down on your left side in front, and then turn the plug one way or the other,—sometimes both; and if something begins to fizzle then it's all right, and if it doesn't it ain't, and then you have to get out and screw something up and waste a lot of time. That, I think, is a very fair and accurate description of a switch-plug and the manner of using it.

The Green Dragon at any rate evidently regards a switch-plug as necessary to its existence, for without one he remains a very refractory and obstinate beast.

Now if we had originally possessed only one switch-plug, presumably it would have been cherished as the apple of your eye; but having had five, of course every single one was missing upon the present interesting occasion, having been carefully left upon the other side of the Atlantic. So some temporary arrangement was rigged up and the Dragon was run to a comfortable resting place for dragons, where a new plug was made.

But even with a new switch-plug we found the Dragon reluctant to start. A friend whose Panhard had come over on the same boat went sailing off with a very haughty and superior air, and still the Dragon refused to budge. Ever since the days of St. George dragons have been regarded with suspicion if not

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disfavor in England, and the Green Dragon, being a good American dragon, may have been disgusted at being asked to go where he was not appreciated. On the other hand we laid it to the fact that he had never been properly fitted, clothed and fed up before leaving his old Massachusetts home. Whichever it was it took two men the better part of a day to pet and coax the Dragon into taking a trial flight into the interior of St. George's country; and we began to think we should have to ask Mr. Kenneth Graeme to write the tale of "Another Reluctant Dragon." At last, however, late in the afternoon, too late to make a real start, we all mounted the Dragon and took a little flight of eight miles to Romsey and back again; remembering carefully to turn to the left in meeting and to the right in passing—rules of the road just the reverse of our own. At first we expected all the street cars to run into us, and were certain we should destroy a few selected English nursemaids, who would wheel the baby carriages to the left of the road when our horn sounded; but very soon we became used to it and no accident has happened on that score—as yet.

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The Dragon did not run very well and it certainly was irritating. Here we were all ready for our trip, and he simply would not behave him-

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self. It was still more irritating next day when we had planned to start early, to have to wait, wait, wait—all the morning while our careful “Shover,” (as we call our Siegfried, the dragon-tamer,) tried to put the Dragon into readiness—doing work and having work done that should have been attended to by the Dragon’s former keepers; and it was most irritating of all when in the afternoon just as the Dragon at last started from the repair shop it was discovered that his “back gear” refused to work at all. Then he was hauled back into the repair shop and investigations made, only to find that some shaft in the Dragon’s in’ards must have twisted, and further repair and overhauling was necessary.



All chance of starting that day being given up, some of us took a little walk to cool off—out to Netley Abbey, by a pleasant road along the east shore at Southampton Water. And very lovely it was, the sun shining bright, the road passing between the sparkling waters of the bay and the rich vivid green of meadow and grove—a green such as you only see in England. Then the ruined abbey, hidden away behind a wall of verdure, was very lovely with the ivy mantling its crumbling arches.

We came back tired but happy, almost forgiving the Dragon for having caused us such a de-

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lightful walk and such good exercise. With the word that everything was at last really ready to start we dined, a happy and merry party, and prepared our minds for the morrow. Our chapter of accidents was closed—for good as we earnestly hope—at any rate for the time being; and we are now to begin our real adventures.



IV

UP TO LONDON

London,

Friday, July 5, 1907.

On Wednesday, four days after landing, imagine our party ready to start. The morning being showery, we have spent it on last errands and a visit to Netley Abbey by those who were not there the day before; but after luncheon our bags, rugs and other necessities are on the Dragon's back; our luggage has been forwarded to our headquarters in Sevenoaks; and rain or shine we are determined to start. It is really most exciting.

Our party is well organized. We have every day a captain to whom all questions are referred, each passenger serving a day in turn. Then every man has his duty for the week. First, the Keeper of Accounts, known as the "Clerk;" (in England to be pronounced "clark," in all other countries "clurk"); second, the Keeper of the Baggage, known as the "Smasher;" third, the Keeper of the log, known as the "Crow;"* fourth, the Keeper of the Guide Book, known as "Baedeker;" fifth, the "Loafer," known as such; sixth

*It is left to the reader's ingenuity to discover the derivation of this term.

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and lastly, the Dragon-tamer, known as the "Shover," which office does not rotate.

The object of these offices, and one or two simple rules, is to avoid misunderstanding about choice of hotel rooms, and seats on the Dragon, and whose business it is to do what,—such small and unimportant matters as frequently wreck the happiness of parties such as ours. To reduce the possibility of "scrapping" to a minimum is to bring the pleasure of traveling to a maximum. Heaven knows there is enough chance of discomfort from without—loss of baggage, custom houses, extortionate landlords, careless custodians of all kinds—without adding chances of discomfort from within.

So with the day's captain in charge, with everything in ship-shape order, we begin our flight.



How can it be described? It can't be. No words can give any idea of the poetry of motion, as we hum along over these smooth English roads, annihilating space with an ease and comfort never before associated with travel. That is the first sensation—wonder and exhilaration as we sweep over mile after mile of smooth, undulating surface. Up hill and down—a bend one way and then a curve the other—looking to the left and right up and down high roads, country

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lanes or private avenues, all smooth and hard and level as the road we are traveling. Sometimes we are on broad and busy thoroughfares; sometimes in narrow, quiet country lanes, where we could not possibly pass a vehicle; sometimes picking our way through the crowded streets of a city; sometimes dashing into and out of some quaint sleepy little village—but always these magnificent roadways. Everywhere—highway or byway, city or village, rough country or level valley—it makes no difference; everywhere smooth, hard roadbeds that make our mere motion an indescribable joy.



Then the next sensation—the glory of green. Such grass! Such bushes and hedges!! Such trees!!! Do they grow anywhere but in England? Everywhere your eyes turn you see such deep, rich, satisfying verdure. The roadway is often framed with such beautiful trees that you begin to feel that England is laid out for the benefit of its roads,—until you get a glimpse over the wall of some large estate; then you see trees that make you realize that what you get on the highways are only the “leftovers”—that England has been in truth laid out for the benefit of its great landowners. Beautiful as every part of England is, the heart of its beauty can

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only be reached in the midst of some great park like Windsor, or Blenheim, or the smaller ones that border the roadway wherever you travel, surrounding the innumerable private castles, halls and mansions. Although the public is barred from most of these beautiful places, there are enough left open to give us an idea of them; and in truth there is on the high road itself more beauty than we can easily take in. It twists and it turns, it winds up hill and it runs down; and wherever it goes, new and charming scenes present themselves. Through all your sensations a curious one persists,—that somehow or other, you have seen it all before; until you realize that what you recognize is not the actual scene, but its resemblance to some picture you know or description you have read. Here is a little village, or a bit of roadway so exactly like that pictured and described in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, that one almost expects to run across Little Nell and her Grandfather trudging along their weary journey. Here is a comfortable looking country house so like *Fairoaks* that you almost think the attractive young woman driving out of the gate must be *Laura Pendennis* herself. Here is a little town with all the prim old-fashioned neatness of *Cranford*. Here is *Allington* with the *Small House* and the *Great House*, just as *Trollope* described it. And here surely,

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is the identical road where Mr. Winkle got down off his horse to pick up Mr. Pickwick's whip; and the very quickset hedge into which Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass were thrown after Mr. Pickwick had made his historical exclamation, "Bless my soul, there's the other horse running away." From some stableyard Sam Weller waves in a friendly way to us; and from another Shiney Villiam grins to the Fat Boy. Oh, ye poor people, that haven't read or "don't care" for Dickens, never come to England; for you will lose half the fun—the cream of the joke will be wasted on you.

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And everywhere we find the realities of our reading and our dreams. It is not the novelists alone that have described the scenes about us. "Flower in the crannied wall," sings Tennyson. That conveys but little idea to us in America, where we don't have crannied walls nor flowers that grow in them; but here every old wall has its moss and wondrous little pink and yellow flowers springing from every crack. The lark here soars skyward at sunset—(I can't answer for the dawn, but I'm willing to take it on trust), and pours forth his song which comes rippling down from heaven just as the poets describe.

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In the fields on all sides—in the midst of wheat or grass, spring up the same gorgeous red poppies that bent over the head of Keats as he wrote his rhyming Epistle to his Brother:

“So pert and useless that they bring to mind
The scarlet coats that pester humankind.”

Everywhere we are surrounded by sights and sounds, “read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,” until you feel as if you were in some lovely enchantment and might wake up any moment to stearn realities.



And now we are whizzing through some fascinating little village;—old, half-timbered cottages with thatched roofs are arranged in picturesque confusion; the village inn occupies the principal corner in the center of the town, close to the horse-pond where the animals are driven at night to be watered and washed. There are no wooden houses at all—only brick or plaster; wood is too expensive; and for roofs principally tiles and thatch—most picturesque and lovely with flowers; and over the doorway are roses in the wildest profusion. And here is the old church, its bell tower covered with ivy and its porch literally smothered in roses. And before we have half seen the charming picturesqueness of it all, we

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have whirled past it and are rolling up the hill beyond under an avenue of magnificent oaks which fairly meet over our heads.

We have run through Winchester, but there was no time today to stop and see the famous cathedral; we are off and away to Guildford, to Dorking, to Reigate. How every name brings its memory:

“The King went ahunting at Reigate,
And wished to leap over a high gate;
Said the owner: ‘Go round
With your horse and your hound,
For you never shall leap over my gate’.”

This has been one of our household songs from infancy—how old it may be, and whether it commemorates some actual example of stubborn Saxon independence against kingly prerogative I do not know, but here is Reigate sure enough; and that is more solid basis of fact than much good poetry can show.

And Dorking, too! It was the inn at Dorking—the “Marquis of Granby,” if our memory serves, that belonged to Sam Weller’s step-mother; in the bar of which the Reverend Mr. Stiggins of blessed memory used to imbibe large quantities of pine apple rum and hot water; in spite of the fact that “all taps is wanities.” What a pity we can’t stop and call!

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The finest single bit of road on the day's journey was just before reaching Guildford. Here for several miles the road lay along the extreme summit of a long high ridge called the "Hog's Back," where we had a beautiful and widely extended view on both sides, north and south, while we seemed to be running almost in the clouds. Then the road dropped quickly down to the bottom of the valley, crossed the river, and we were in the quaint old city of Guildford with the ruins of a Norman castle and other interesting sights we might not stop to see; for the day was wearing away, and we must reach Sevenoaks for the night.

Late in the afternoon, (and in these northern latitudes the afternoon lasts until after eight o'clock in the evening,) we arrive at Sevenoaks, —eye-weary, but still wildly enthusiastic over the beauties of the day. We are not bodily tired for we have had no jolt or jar of any kind; the Green Dragon flies so noiselessly over these smooth roads that none hears us until the horn gives warning of our approach. At Sevenoaks we alight at the well remembered hotel, the "Royal Crown," with its lovely garden, and are shown into the same rooms we had thirteen years ago—(it might have been yesterday); and we sit down to a good dinner and sing the praises of

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England and the Green Dragon through the meal and up stairs to bed, whither we need no extra inducements to persuade us to go.



Next day, leaving most of our luggage behind, we start for London.

The weather? What does it matter? Occasional showers, yes; but we should hardly realize it was England unless we had showers; and we have dodged them very successfully on the whole. They have had much bad weather here lately and we hear many complaints about it; but an old traveler never expects anything but "unusual" weather of some kind. If it were not unusually wet in England, it would be unusually dry; of the two the latter is the worse—in England.

Our run to London was very successful; the main trouble being that London begins so very long before you get to London. We were on the main road from the southeast,—a good, broad thoroughfare, but when we struck the big city—however, that will have to be another story.



V

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Sevenoaks,

Wednesday, July 10, 1907.

London is not only enormous—all large cities are that; but London is large for its size, so to speak. It seems to have no limits and no definite lines of demarcation. New York has its two rivers, its one great street running the length of the main island, the surrounding boroughs being outgrowths and tributaries to be sure, but still quite distinct. Jersey City and Hoboken, although in reality parts of New York, are still Jersey City and Hoboken; and Brooklyn is still Brooklyn, despite its political absorption into the larger city. Everywhere in New York you are conscious of certain well marked lines, limits and points of interest. In London, on the contrary, you go through miles and miles of streets without any such lines and limits; now you are in Sydenham, now in Dulwich, now in Streatham, now in Brompton, now in Kensington—yet all the time you are never outside London. Coming back from Henley the Green Dragon struck the city at Houndslow, and for eleven miles pursued his devious way through various suburbs with

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familiar names, before he landed us at our hotel; and when he did so, we had only reached Westminster; we had not crossed the site of Temple Bar and entered the old city of London; and on the other side of the old city, London of the present stretches away to the east almost as far as we had come in from the west.

In Paris the circle of wide boulevards which twice encompass the city, the broad avenues which connect them, the large open spaces, the parks and bridges, the great succession of public buildings—the cathedral, the law courts, the City Hall, and the magnificent Palace-Museum of the Louvre, followed by the Gardens of the Tuilleries, the great Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysees and Napoleon's great arch of Triumph—all form points of civic interest unrivalled by any other city. There is no such succession in London.

Then again the main roads into London are not broad thoroughfares such as they now make as approaches to a great city, but are the narrow, tortuous streets of the original towns which have simply been absorbed by the growth of London and have retained most of their original characteristics.



In consequence of all this the task of getting the Green Dragon into the part of London one wishes

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to reach is not an easy one. In fact if any person craves excitement or is interested in Chinese puzzles he is advised to tackle the job by way of experiment. Remembering to turn to the left and pass to the right is bad enough; but when you have street cars, and horse 'busses, and motor 'busses, and cabs, and carriages, and donkey carts, and street peddlers, and pedestrians, and children, and baby carriages, and automobiles, all in one grand mix-up, and all jammed into a narrow street forming one of the main approaches to the largest city in the world but which twists and turns like any country lane, you have a task which is decidedly entertaining to say the least—your mind has not much of a chance to wander. To add to the pleasures of the occasion the law prescribes, as in most towns and cities in our own country, such a ridiculously low rate of speed that even a well-conducted dragon finds it quite difficult if not impossible to keep within it; for it is a well known fact in natural history that when dragons attempt to move too slowly it is bad for their digestion. We are consequently liable to arrest at the hands of every policeman we meet, and policemen are thick in London. Fortunately we have escaped thus far.

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When we came up from Sevenoaks we reached the outskirts of London, and twisted back and forth, finding ourselves at one time, to our considerable surprise, on the western terrace of the Crystal Palace of Sydenham. How we got there we never quite knew, nor yet how we ever got back to our road again; but there it was. The palace looks rather run down, many of its lights of glass being broken; but it seems still the most artistic as it was the first building of glass and iron ever constructed for exhibition purposes. Its architect, it will be remembered, was Joseph Paxton, head gardener of the Duke of Devonshire. He had built a large iron and glass greenhouse at Chatsworth, the Duke's country seat; and when the competition was open for designs for a building to house the first great world's fair in Hyde Park, Paxton sent in his plan for a mammoth palace of iron and glass such as the world at that time had never seen. It was accepted, and the architect became Sir Joseph in recognition of his success. After the world's fair was over the Crystal Palace, as it was called, was moved to Sydenham, one of London's numerous suburbs, where it has since been retained for various purposes of exhibition and entertainment.

We finally reached our destination only to find London so crowded that we had to visit five

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hotels before we could get rooms. Like New York it seems as though the more hotels the city has the less room there is for visitors; but as it is just at the end of "the season" we have to take what we can get and be thankful.



London! I shall not attempt to describe it, of course; nor did we attempt to do any real "sight-seeing." We are over here for an out-of-door flight and a tramp in the mountains, not to waste time in cities.

However, one has no right to be in London even a day without a visit to Westminster Abbey; so to the great church we went, rejoicing once more in the beauty of its noble proportions and rich gothic detail, thrilling with emotion as we gazed at the memorials of the mighty dead,—and wondering anew at the eternal problems of life and death and human nature. Here lie those—kings and nobles, who with the largest opportunities in life made the greatest failures; and here lie those who with the least advantages made such success that we still thrill with the glory of their deeds. Here, side by side, lie the warrior, honored for his success in destroying his fellowmen, and the physician honored for his success in saving them. Here is the politician who played upon the weaknesses of human na-

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ture, rising to power only to corrupt and degrade,—and here is the statesman, the record of whose long life is one of wisdom and purity, always endeavoring to broaden the lives of other men and strengthen the bonds of human brotherhood. Here about the shrine of Edward the Confessor, the old sainted Saxon king, lie sixteen of his thirty-eight successors. Here lie the weak and worthless Henry III.; his son, the warrior and statesman, Edward I.; Edward's wife, the lovely Eleanor of Castile, for whom he bore so great a love that everywhere her body rested as she was borne to her grave at Westminster, the king caused to be erected a stone cross of rare workmanship. Here lie Edward III., the victor of Crecy; his wife, the Flemish Philippa, who first introduced the woolen industry to England; and his grandson, Richard II., who lost crown and life by his weakness and indolence. Here is Henry V., the victor of Agincourt, with the saddle, shield and helmet he used at the great battle still hanging over his tomb; and Henry VII., and his wife, Elizabeth of York, whose marriage united the rival houses of York and Lancaster and ended the Wars of the Roses. Here lie almost side by side Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots; a significant ending to the feminine rivalry which convulsed two kingdoms, and altered the whole course of European history.

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But it is not among the monarchs lying near the Confessor that we look for the real kings of men. It is in other parts of the great church, where we read on the stones beneath our feet the names of Chaucer, of Addison, of Johnson, of Tennyson and Browning side by side, of Dickens and Bulwer-Lytton, of Macauley and Grote, of Handel and Purcell, of Garrick and Irving, of Pitt, Fox and Gladstone. But the roll of the mighty dead in Westminster is so long that it is folly to even begin naming them.



There are so many actually buried in the Abbey that it seems a pity to block up the beautiful church with a lot of memorials of people who are not buried there at all. It confuses the mind and lessens the value of the honor of an Abbey burial. If the English want a Walhalla or Temple of Fame, by all means have it,—such a device is a sufficiently worthy one; but it does seem as though such a thing should be in a separate building of its own. Certain it is that the Abbey would be greatly improved if all memorials which commemorate those not actually buried within its walls should be removed. Most of them as works of art are hopelessly bad, and the Abbey would gain immensely in that sense. I

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suppose, however, that instant death would be too mild a fate for the iconoclast who suggested to an Englishman any such change.



And speaking of changes, I very much fear that the British nation is doomed anyway. If it had been suggested to me six years ago that I should live to see discarded the sacred fatigue cap of the British soldier—that little round cap perched jauntily over one ear, with a narrow black strap under the lips, and kept on only by some extraordinary and unique application of the law of gravitation—if anyone had suggested that this cap would in six short years disappear and be replaced by a miserable imitation of a German military hat, I would have sworn that such a change could not take place without undermining the whole British Constitution. I think the Constitution must be in peril, for the change has taken place; and only the little messenger boys are left to save the country—they still wear their caps perched sideways over their right ears, as British soldier boys should. Tommy Atkins is no longer the soldier of my heart, now that his cap has gone. I wonder how the housemaids like the change. They certainly must miss

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that fascinating roll of the hair which went curling up on the left side.—But there! the subject must be dropped; it won't bear thinking of.



We went also to the National Gallery and revelled once more in a sight of the glorious canvasses of the masters ancient and modern; although so far as the latter are concerned most of the modern pictures have been removed to the new Tait Gallery. We also went to the Wallace Collection, bequeathed ten years ago by Lady Wallace to the nation. A magnificent collection of pictures, armor and furniture of various epochs. The building in which it is housed is Hertford House, immortalized as Gaunt House, the residence of Lord Steyne, by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," where those interested may read the description.

We ran out to Henley and back on the last day of the great races; and a wonderful sight Henley is;—an English holiday crowd assembled in its best and gayest mood at an ideal spot for a water festival. Houseboats, barges, punts, rowboats, launches—almost every variety of vessel, decorated with flowers and filled with bright colors—it is a beautiful and interesting sight.

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Of course a stranger may not care particularly for the races, but the scene itself is well worth seeing.



We drove to Henley through lovely Richmond Park and Windsor, passing Runnymede, where King John's barons assembled in defiance of the king; and Magna Charta island, where the monarch was forced to put his name to the Great Charter of English liberty. It occurred to us that if the English were as fond of memorials as the French or Germans, that all the people of English descent, or whose political freedom is the result of the underlying forces which produced the Great Charter, would be asked to unite in raising a great monument dedicated to Liberty—that freedom of the individual which was wrested in part from the usurping tyrant at Runnymede, has been broadened and strengthened through the centuries, and even yet has not found its limits—and never will, until every human being is left face to face with his God,—left free to develop his own individuality—in short, until we reach the ideal of democracy.

Why should not England, the United States, Canada and Australia join in raising such a monument? The building of it might perhaps produce some searchings of conscience; but those

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in their turn might sooner bring about certain results in Ireland, the Philippines and elsewhere, highly desirable when one thinks of it all at Runnymede, standing on ground sacred to human liberty.



VI

AROUND AND ABOUT ENGLAND

Hertford,

Monday, July 15, 1907.

Our first trip was to Canterbury, the capital of Kent, containing one of the finest and certainly the most interesting of English cathedrals; but we went first through charming country lanes and then over broad highroads to Rochester. Here we found ourselves in the Dickens country. Gadshill, his last home, is close by; and it was to Rochester that the immortal Mr. Pickwick and his three companions first journeyed;—it was at the Bull Inn that they stopped the night; and one may see there now the very room where they dined and had for company the versatile Mr. Jingle; and up stairs is the identical ball room where the musicians sat in “an elevated cage” at the county ball; and where Mr. Tupman and Jingle danced with the widow, to the rage of Doctor Slammer. It was from the same hotel that the four set out for Dingley Dell, Mr. Pickwick driving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, while Mr. Winkle on horseback “drifted sideways” up the street to the discom-

fort of the rider and the amusement of the populace. The Bull Inn has hardly changed, and Rochester is the same quaint old city described by Dickens a second time as Cloisterham, the scene of *Edwin Drood*. After inspecting the inn and the ruins of the old castle, one of the three great keeps built by the early Normans, the Green Dragon started on a wonderful run along the old Roman road to Canterbury—the same road formerly used by the pilgrims from London to the shrine of St. Thomas, and described in Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrimage*.

It was disappointing to sweep around the western hill and find our view of the city and the great church almost obliterated by a smart shower of rain; harder still to find the great central tower—the glory of Canterbury, so hidden by scaffolding that one could see nothing of its beauty.

Of course cathedrals have to be repaired—one would complain even more if they were allowed to fall to pieces; but the weathering of ages in these old buildings is so beautiful and a great deal of modern repair work is so commonplace and ugly, that it is hard to see one replaced by the other.



We could see but little of Canterbury cathedral for it was Sunday; and in England it is

considered highly improper to want to see churches on Sunday. You may go to service if you will be good and sit all through, (they lock the doors on you so you can't get out) ; but such horrid impieties as looking at stained glass windows and the site of the old shrine of Thomas Becket, and the tombs of Henry IV. and Edward the Black Prince, can't be tolerated. So we sat and looked at what we could see of the old church during a long sermon, to which I fear we paid but little heed; and then were driven forth by the vergers.

Some people's notions of religion are distinctly comic.



A few days after our Canterbury trip we started on our regular tour,—if anything so irregular could be called so. From Sevenoaks we had a most lovely ride through Dorking, Burford Bridge and Virginia Water to Windsor, where we lunched and visited the castle. It is certainly a right royal residence; and its glorious collection of pictures, of which casual visitors may see many of the finest, is what any king might envy. The private rooms are not shown, but we were assured with bated breath by the functionary who condescended to show us about, that the King and Queen of Norway, on their recent visit,

actually inhabited a number of the rooms that we did see. I presume those excellent young people appreciated the beauty of their surroundings; but it is hard for us to find any increased interest in the rooms from the mere fact of their stay. Modern royalty does seem such an anachronism! When intelligent people could really believe in divine right and think there was some inherent virtue in a royal family or an aristocratic caste, royalty was always interesting and often fine. But in these democratic days, when we realize what insidious danger, especially to its possessor, lurks in irresponsible power, and have learned that kings and other so-called aristocrats are most uncommonly like other folks in their virtues and their vices, in their capacity for errors and follies, all royalty seems a hopelessly antiquated and ridiculous survival. It is well enough to say that the king is a convenient figurehead, but just fancy yourself for a moment a king—can you imagine a more absurd situation?—A real anointed king, whose words and deeds are supposed to possess uncommon sanctity and importance; and expecting all the great and good men in the land to bow before your superior claims,—could anyone with any sense of humor take himself seriously in such a situation? There seem to me only two potentates in the world to-

day who do take themselves quite seriously, and imagine that their every act and word is fraught with superior and superhuman wisdom,—but I won't be personal enough to name them.



To return to Windsor castle.—It is in truth one of the finest of royal residences; the more modern additions being so in harmony with the older portions that it is not always easy to tell the difference. The noble park is itself enough to make a royal reputation; and as we drive through it looking for Herne the Hunter's oak, under which Falstaff waited for the Merry Wives of Windsor, we realize that other royalties besides kings and queens have trod these stones.

From Windsor a delightful run to Oxford took us through the park known as the Burnham Beeches, with wonderful old trees. Near by is the little village of Stoke Pogis, the church yard of which is well known to all lovers of English poetry as the scene of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*. I am fully aware that the *Elegy* is a masterpiece—one of the most perfect in any language; but unfortunately for me some evil spirit once put the idea into the head of a certain college instructor, that an excellent subject for an English theme would be to turn the *Elegy* into prose, and this idea he proceeded to work off on his scholars, miserable barbarian that he was.

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I can now never hear "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" without thinking of my feeble attempt to turn beautiful poetry into bad prose. If school teachers only realized their powers of harm!



Oxford is one of the most picturesque and interesting cities in England, and High street, lined with fine old college buildings, is certainly one of the notable streets of the world. We did not attempt to "do" Oxford; we only went to a few of the loveliest sights—the Cathedral, Great Hall and Broad Walk at Christ Church; the Cloister Court, Cardinal Wolsey's beautiful tower and Addison's Walk at Magdalen; the Gardens of New College and its chapel with the lovely window designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Martyrs' monument on the spot where Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley suffered martyrdom in the reign of Bloody Mary. These we saw and then the Green Dragon flew off with us to Warwickshire.



A whole book could be written about the next two days—first came Woodstock with the Duke of Marlborough's palace and wonderful park of Blenheim; then Stratford-on-Avon with its Shakespeare memorials; then Kenilworth castle, haunted by the ghosts of Queen Elizabeth and

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, but even more by that third ghost conjured up by the great Sir Walter—Amy Robsart; then Leamington with its old springs and pump-house and air of faded gentility; and lastly Warwick with its quaint main street, old gates, interesting church and noble castle;—but all these are so traveled over and familiar to Americans that to mention them is enough.

In truth Americans just swarm in certain places abroad and Warwickshire is one of them. One guardian of Shakespeare's home asked us if we knew the "Buckeye Daisies." They had come through the day before, he said. We pled ignorance and he explained that they were a party of American ladies from "Oio." It was a few seconds before we realized he meant Ohio. We assured him we had no connection with or any knowledge of the Buckeye Daisies. But what in the world do Europeans think of the United States when they see some of the specimens we send over? And where do those specimens hide themselves in our own country, for one never sees them at home? Or perhaps we do, only they don't seem so incongruous. Somehow or other a swarm of Buckeye Daisies taking possession of Shakespeare's birthplace does seem incongruous.

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Then a long afternoon's journey took us from Leamington to Cambridge. On the way we diverged from Northampton to see the best preserved of all the crosses which Edward I. raised to the memory of his beloved wife, Eleanor, wherever her body rested on its journey from the north where she died, to Westminster Abbey. At Bedford we noticed a statue to its immortal tinker, John Bunyon; the jail where he wrote the Pilgrim's Progress is not now in existence.

About five miles from Cambridge we made a very interesting and valuable discovery. We found that a Green Dragon accustomed to gasoline as a daily food will not fly without gasoline. We think of publishing this important discovery for the benefit of those interested in that branch of science known as Dragonology—but perhaps it will be better for them to gain knowledge by experience—as we did. We not only had experience, but some of us had good exercise as well—walking five miles to Cambridge to get a relief expedition started. It was a good five miles—I can vouch for it; but a motor cycle soon carried fuel to the Green Dragon and the shipwrecked travellers arrived in Cambridge in time for dinner. So there was no harm done; but we have not allowed the Shover to complain of anything since.

AROUND AND ABOUT ENGLAND.

As everyone knows, England's two great universities are Oxford and Cambridge; and I presume it is a matter of taste as to which is the greater. But to a casual traveler it would seem as though of the two places Oxford were on the whole the more picturesque and beautiful. Yet after one has said that there comes the memory of Kings College chapel with its magnificent stained glass windows; and best of all, the river at the backs of the colleges, the lazy and winding Cam, with the different college buildings on one side and on the other velvety lawns and lovely gardens with picturesque bridges between, every dip of the oar bringing one to new and lovely pictures. Oxford, beautiful as it is, has no one thing quite so lovely as that quiet river along the "backs." And when one sees it in company with a charming group of sympathetic companions it is indeed a delight.

Most people have heard of "Hobson's choice." How many, I wonder, know that he was a real person. Here in Cambridge we meet him in the shape of "Hobson's Conduit" which he gave to the town. Hobson was a stable keeper in the reign of Charles II. who became wealthy by letting out horses for hire; as there was much riding and coaching back and forth between Cambridge and London. And Hobson, not wanting the bother of selecting horses to suit

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the individual tastes of his customers, adopted the convenient plan of making each one take the next horse in the stable, whether he liked the animal or not. Hence "Hobson's choice" was no choice at all.



England for the past year or two has been undergoing a series of "pageants" as they call them; a sort of theatrical performance representing the history of a town; in which large numbers of its inhabitants take part. One held at Warwick a year or so ago was extraordinarily successful, and England has been pageanting at a tremendous rate this year; and so many towns are planning for next year that there will soon be hardly a city that has not become thoroughly familiar with its ancient history and costumes. Punch has even invented a new verb to keep up with the times, "Do you paj?" demands a girl of a young man—meaning of course, "Are you taking part in a pageant?"

We determined, if not to paj, at least to see a pageant; and finding a convenient one at Saint Albans we ran thither from Cambridge, determined to be in the fashion. To avoid the crowds we stopped to engage rooms for the night with an anxious and attentive landlady at Hertford, and then went on to St. Albans—where our adventures will have to go over to another chapter.

VII

THE SAINT ALBANS PAGEANT

Salisbury,

Tuesday, July 16, 1907.

What is a pageant? And why?

Everyone has heard of the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau. For a long period of time the devout peasants of this small Tyrolese village have enacted once in ten years the story of the Saviour's teaching and death. The text of the play was written long ago by some village schoolmaster; and its object was to stimulate religious fervor and devotion. As its fame has been spread abroad during the last forty years, and crowds of tourists have gathered in increasing numbers to see the play, it has become more and more a money-making enterprise, and much of the charm of its earlier simplicity and ingenuousness has evaporated; as is inevitable when public spirit gives way to private gain.

While travelers have thus been flocking to Oberammergau of recent years, other festival plays of a more mundane character have been discovered. The little town of Rothenburg in Bavaria, for instance, celebrates its siege during the Thirty Years' War in a sort of dramatic

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entertainment in which many citizens take part, the stage being the very spots where the actual events took place. The Rothenburg festival occurs, I think, every five years.

Vevay, on the lake of Geneva, has a Fete des Vignerons, or Festival of the Vine, which is given at intervals of fifteen to thirty years; and according to the author of *Romance and Teutonic Switzerland*, "pitched in the key of rustic gaiety, and acted on the plane of animal spirits, it yet deserves to rank with the Passion Play at Oberammergau for the genuine, spontaneous and truthful manner of its production." The origin of this play or festival is lost in antiquity as the archives of the guild of vine-dressers were destroyed by fire in 1688. Fennimore Cooper was present at the festival in 1833 and described it in his novel of *The Headsman*.

Then there has been Bayreuth, with its Wagner festivals every few years, which have brought fame to the town and fortune to Mde. Wagner and many other good citizens of the place.

Then Altdorf some years ago, with the object of stimulating Swiss patriotism, produced Schiller's *William Tell* upon the scene of that hero's exploits. This play after several presentations has been abandoned for the present, as some of those who were giving their services as actors found to their chagrin that they were apparently

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stimulating patriotism less than the love of gain. It was the money-making feature of the festival which tended to come uppermost, as it has at Oberammergau and Bayreuth.

In our own county we have seen something of these ideas expressed in "Old Home Week" and the various "carnivals," in which patriotism and profit have been judiciously combined.

In England they have developed the "Pageant," which is a sort of local historic festival play; and as their history is a long and varied one, they have had an opportunity to develop the thing quite dramatically and to create a form of entertainment which is well worthy of study and imitation. Mr. Louis N. Parker, who managed the pageant at Warwick a year or so ago set the pace; and now every town in England of any size seems to have had, to be having, or to be planning to have a pageant. This year Oxford had a magnificent one, three thousand persons taking part; Romsey has celebrated the thousandth anniversary of its old Abbey with a pageant, and one of the managers told me that for a year he had done little other work; Coventry was convulsed, and has convulsed all England, over the great question involved in her pageant as to what in the world Lady Godiva should wear!—They couldn't, of course, have a pageant in Coventry and leave Lady Godiva out

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—they couldn't shock British propriety by having her in the historic costume of "Sunshine and Golden Hair"—so what could, should and would they do? Next year, among other cities, Winchester announces a pageant, the proceeds to be devoted to the restoration of the Cathedral; and so on.



It was our good fortune to be able to reach Saint Albans from Cambridge on the Monday morning its pageant began; so we applied for and secured seats, and after a hurried luncheon at the hotel and a brief visit to the curious old Abbey church, not long since raised to the rank of a Cathedral, we found ourselves on the way to the scene of action.

It was a curious throng which was crowding its way toward the gates. Amid a crowd of ordinary Twentieth Century citizens with overcoats and umbrellas were men, women and children in all sorts of curious costumes. Here was a Roman soldier clattering along in armor; there a couple of ancient Britons with wild hair and painted bodies; anon a group of mediæval rustics with green tights, brown jerkins and pointed caps; now it was a bevy of Elizabethan maidens; and again it was a band of monks—all hurrying along in a truly motley crowd.

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There was no need of umbrellas, however. The sun shone its brightest—and upon as lovely a stage as was ever graced by actor, professional or amateur. A broad stretch of smooth green sward, backed by low banks—the actual remains of old Roman breastworks. Then groups of fine old trees dotted here and there on the knolls, which sloped gently down to a little stream meandering through the meadows at the back. Off in the distance to the right rose the houses of the town leading up to the Cathedral tower, the construction of which shows that it was built with bricks from Roman ruins.

At a quarter before three everyone is in his place, the audience being seated in a spacious grandstand, forming a segment of a large circle. Everyone can see to advantage, and hear with ease. The chairs are comfortable and the arrangement in general excellent.



Promptly at three o'clock the trumpets sound, the orchestra begins a march, and from either side in stately procession come the choristers, men and women, clad in crimson gowns of mediæval cut, with pointed hoods and the arms of Saint Albans painted on a black cope. The two lines meet in front, and facing the audience sing the opening chorus—telling of the pageant and

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what it is proposed to show. All the words have been written and the music composed for the occasion. At the completion of this song the choristers march to the center of the grandstand and take their places about the orchestra, where they sing a running commentary during the intermissions of the acting—explaining the course of the city's history, in each case preparing us for what is to come. The music and the acting is practically continuous, there being only two pauses "between acts" so to speak. After the first song is over and while the orchestra continues playing, one sees far in the distance among the trees the procession of white bearded Druids approaching, while from another direction comes a stream of people, ancient Britons by their dress.

There is not time nor space to describe in detail the different scenes, eight in all, illustrating the history of Saint Albans; a very brief summary must suffice. The first scene tells of the Druids, their preparations for a human sacrifice which are interrupted by the last stand of the British chief Cassivelan against the Roman power. Most effective was the messenger rushing wildly in from the left of the stage bringing tidings of British defeat, and the arrival of the Romans on splendid horses. The costumes are accurate

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and beautiful, the grouping spirited and effective, the lines well spoken, and the whole dramatic effect very thrilling.

The second episode is the revolt of the British Queen Boadicea against the Roman power; her first success, her later defeat and death.

The third is the martyrdom of the Roman, Albanus, for assisting at the flight of an aged Christian from the city.

The fourth is the visit of the Saxon King Offa; the discovery of the bones of Albanus or Saint Alban; and the founding of the celebrated Abbey.

The fifth is the funeral procession of Queen Eleanor, as her body journeys toward London. This was a wonderfully effective picture—entirely in dumb show accompanied by appropriate music; the hearse drawn by six black-robed horses; King Edward in his black armor and his attendants all in mourning are met by the brilliantly robed clergy of the city, who escort the hearse to its temporary resting place in the Abbey church.

Sixth comes the revolt of the peasants under Richard II., the arrival of the King and his court, his success in turning aside the revolt and the punishment of its leaders.

Seventh comes the most stirring scene of the series—a representation of the second battle of Saint Albans, in the Wars of the Roses. Here

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were whole companies of knights on horseback; King Henry VI., Queen Margaret, the young Prince of Wales, (a handsome little fellow, and sitting his horse like a prince); here were cross-bowmen and foot soldiers—in numbers enough to give one a pretty good idea of an army. After a little marching and counter-marching we have the battle—and an exciting affair it is. The bowmen shoot their arrows, the knights charge, advance and retreat; and finally we have the defeated Yorkists dashing madly off, pursued by their victorious foes. The horses tear at full gallop across the stage, then along the banks at the rear; then we see them leaping over the brook in the distance, a glittering array of steel helmets and flashing swords. It is a fine show of horsemanship as well as a spirited picture.

Eighth comes the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Saint Albans; the introduction to her of young Francis Bacon; and the morris-dancing and other celebrations in her honor. This is the richest and most elegant of the scenes—the one in which the gentry of the neighborhood take part.

Then lastly comes a grand parade and march past of all the actors—over two thousand in all. In stately procession which turns back and forth across the ample stage we see them all—Druids, ancient Britons, Roman soldiers, citizens and ladies, Boadicea and daughters in her chariot,

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King Offa and his Saxon court, King Edward I. and his mourning attendants, Richard II. and his train, the revolting peasants, Henry VI. with his steel-clad knights and nobles, and lastly Elizabeth and her gorgeous court—old men and women, young men and women, boys and girls and even babies—it is a wonderful crowd, a remarkable show, a blaze of beautifully harmonized and contrasted colors, a sight never to be forgotten.



If the Oxford pageant was more beautiful than that at Saint Albans, it certainly must have been a marvelous show. We returned filled to the brim with interesting and beautiful scenes, and went to sleep in the old inn at Hertford which has been an hostelry for over three hundred years.

Truly, we are in a land of history.



VIII

ACROSS THE CHANNEL

Paris,

Monday, July 22, 1907.

After "pajing," at Saint Albans, (to adopt Punch's word), our next duty was to get to France as soon as possible; but having three days to utilize before that on which we had engaged passage for the Green Dragon from Southampton to Havre, we determined to go back to Salisbury to see Stonehenge; and also to take a little run in the New Forest. So from Hertford and its hotel three centuries old, we turned to the southwest and crossed the Thames at Maidenhead. Here we stopped for luncheon and found the river looking so attractive that we could not resist the temptation to row a short distance upon it, even at the risk of a late arrival at Salisbury. So up the lovely Thames we rowed, until we saw in the distance the great house at Cliveden, which Mr. Astor purchased from the Duke of Westminster, standing in its superb situation high above the river. Below the house and rising from the river bank in a mass of splendid foliage are the "hanging woods of Cliveden"—that famous grove of trees, the pathway

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through which the present owner endeavored to close up, until he found that in England common people have rights of way which even an aristocratic expatriated American is bound to respect.

The sun was so bright, and the river so blue, and the shores so green that it was a hard matter to tear ourselves away from it all; and we were almost tempted to give up all plans for any other country than England; but other counsels prevailed and the Green Dragon flew on with us towards Salisbury.



All the afternoon we ran over those smooth English roads through the lovely English scenery, and the setting sun found us speeding over Salisbury plain. It was one of those rare moments that will linger longest in our memories. The wondrous blaze of color, pink and yellow, gradually fading in the western sky; the smooth, straight, white Roman road, ever unrolling itself ahead of us, up and down over the undulating plain; a weird and desolate landscape, without a human being or habitation in sight, barren of grain or foliage, and stretching away as far as the eye could reach; the Green Dragon flying his fastest, mile after mile, with a smooth momentum of speed that carries us down hill with a swoop, and up hill with a rush and whirl; and then, just as evening settles down and darkness

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is stealing up behind us from the east, suddenly the road, which has been heading straight for Old Sarum, turns abruptly to the left, and we see rising from the valley below us a great spire pointing heavenward, and down we drop to Salisbury, having enjoyed that somewhat rare experience—a new sensation.

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I have already spoken of Salisbury and Old Sarum. Stonehenge lies off to the northwest, just beyond Amesbury, a queer, quaint, quiet little village; which aroused itself enough at our arrival to have a dog fight, but that being over, went to sleep again. Everyone knows Stonehenge by sight—that weird circle of giant stones standing out on the plain, of unknown origin, but connected somehow or other with Druidical worship. They say that the stones are so placed that on mid-summer day the sun rises just between the two stones farthest east; there is every probability, therefore, that one object of the circle was to keep track of the calendar. As in most great sights one must use his imagination a little to see it to advantage; but Stonehenge, as it is the largest, is certainly the most impressive monument of a vanished race and a vanished religion.

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From Salisbury it is a short run to Romsey, with its thousand-year-old Abbey church—a church well worth seeing; and close by are the borders of the New Forest.

The New Forest is only eight hundred and forty years old—old enough for its newness to have worn off, but its name is still appropriate—in England. It is a large tract of land which William the Conqueror appropriated for royal use as a chase or hunting enclosure. The unfortunate people whose lands were thus calmly confiscated were forbidden under all sorts of cruel penalties from entering; and when no less than three of William's immediate descendants lost their lives while hunting there, it was whispered about that this was Heaven's punishment for his cruelty toward the old possessors.

The greater part of the New Forest belongs to the Crown, although some of it has been disposed of to private owners. Like other old crown possessions, however, the balance is no longer the personal property of the King. George III. in his time, being in great need of money, made over the crown property in a lump to the nation in exchange for a fixed and stated income. Whatever property, therefore, the royal family now possesses has been acquired since King George thus turned the crown lands over to the State. It may be added that the State has made a good

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thing out of the transaction, as the income is far in advance of the allowances made in return for it.

The scenery of the New Forest is varied and interesting. There are fine trees, high hills, picturesque valleys, barren upland and leafy forest. One afternoon is too short a time to allow for seeing its beauties; and walking is better than motoring for that purpose.

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We went to the place where stands the monument marking the spot where the body of King William Rufus, the son of the conqueror, was found. The story told afterwards by one of his knights, Walter Tyrrell was to the effect that the King shot at a deer and missed; and then called to Tyrrell to shoot. Tyrrell let fly his arrow; it struck a tree, glanced aside and pierced the body of the King. As no one else was present they never knew whether this story was true or not, and as the King was a most odious scoundrel nobody cared. Tyrrell fled to France, the Red King's body was found by a charcoal burner in the forest, thrown into his cart and carried to Winchester where it was buried in the Cathedral.

This was in 1100 and one would naturally suppose at this late day that few people would

take much interest in William Rufus. Almost every other choice rascal in history has found his apologist; Froude spent many years and many volumes in whitewashing Henry VIII; even Alexander Borgia has had pleasant words written about him; while his daughter, Lucretia, has been discovered to be a rather estimable lady; and our own Senator Lodge, wishing to manufacture some history on his own account, and finding that none had as yet tried the white-wash brush on Richard III., has risen to the defense of that engaging person. But no one so far as I know has yet discovered that William Rufus was a statesman and a saint; and it is all the more curious therefore that the Rufus stone has had to be securely enclosed in an iron covering to keep people from chipping it to pieces and carrying it off for relics. Why anyone should want a relic of William Rufus—especially a piece of a stone monument erected centuries after his death, is certainly a mystery.

One entrance to the New Forest is close to Southampton; and so the afternoon found us back at our starting place.



There is another mystery. One would think that there would be enough passage between England and France, or at least enough competi-

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tion between different railroads to encourage suitable steamers across the channel. I have known those steamers now for thirty-five years, and smaller, more miserable and insufficient boats are nowhere to be found. From time to time one hears of fine new boats plying between England and the Continent; but my experience of the channel steamer is, that as the French say, the more it changes the more it is the same thing.

Our experience this time was like former ones; we found a miserable little apology for a steamer crossing from Southampton to Havre—so small that the weight of the Dragon made it take a list to one side; and if we had been unfortunate enough to have had rough weather—oh, my! Fortunately the sea was quiet and gentle, and we reached La Havre early in the morning in as good condition as the vilest cup of coffee ever served by mortal man would permit.



Havre is a place not without interest, as any city in a fresh country is bound to be; yet it is one of those places from which one escapes as soon as possible. People usually land from the boat and leave at once for Rouen, Paris or some other destination. The fact that we spent the greater part of the day there was not our fault—

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it was the tide. Our small steamer was so low in the water and the rise and fall of the tide on the French coast is so great that the Green Dragon could not be landed until afternoon; and then came the customs, and the red tape of registration and driving licenses; so it was late in the day before we were taking our first ride in France.

Now we had to learn all over again to turn to the right and pass by on the left—the French custom being like ours. In fact I think there are only two countries in Europe where they turn to the left—England and Austria. I well remember years ago as a boy when crossing by train from Germany to Austria my amusement over the delay while the trains were carefully shifted from the right hand track to the left. It seemed to me odd, then, and it still does.



Hardly were we outside of Havre when we came to a halt in the old town of Harfleur, to see a fifteenth century church with a fine spire, built by the English King Henry V. Harfleur used to be the port at the mouth of the Seine; and it is at it's seige that Shakespeare's Henry urges his men to the assault, in that magnificent passage beginning:

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“Once more into the breach, dear friends,
once more;

Or close the wall up with our English
dead!”

Harfleur was taken and remained English for many years; and one relic of the occupation is this fine church spire.

It was at Harfleur also that we had a chance to observe one characteristic of the French—good-natured curiosity. As we drove up to the church the Green Dragon injured a paw—(some would have called it a punctured tire, I suppose), so that our stop was less brief than we had intended. However, as we formed a free entertainment to a large section of the population for a considerable period of time, we certainly repaid Harfleur for whatever architectural knowledge we gained from the church. Men, women and children all gathered about us, and apparently discussed our manners, customs, appearance and characters with zest and humor. But if we amused them they did us, so we were quits.



Presently we were off and away, up the valley of the Seine, along the base of bold chalk cliffs, on a delightful road which ran smooth and white before us in long, even stretches which tempted us to a test of the Dragon's limit of speed. Oh,

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these French roads! If England's roads were fine, what word applies to these of France? The country is certainly a paradise for the motorist. No finer roads could be imagined; they were everything that a road for motoring should be—wide, smooth, long stretches, low, even grades when ascending the steepest hills—roads that are a constant marvel to us who have been brought up on the miserable combination of ruts, quagmires and morasses that usually do duty for roads in our beloved State of New York. Would that the entire Board of Supervisors of every county in the State could take a fifteen minute ride on a French road! They would then know what a real road looks like.



We had made no plans for the night when we left Havre, thinking that if the roads were good we might get as far as Rouen. When, however, we glanced up a side valley and caught a glimpse of Lillebonne, with a fine church spire and the ruins of an old Norman castle perched on a hill, we decided to stop there. We were glad we did so; for we found ourselves in unadulterated France. An old inn with tiled floors, queer little bedrooms opening off rambling passages, minute water pitchers, feather beds for bed covers, stuffy little dining room, but delicious food, and

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candles for lights—there was no doubt of our being in France. Nor was there next morning when we paid our garage bill of ten centimes—two cents.

Lillebonne is a very interesting place; it was important in the time of the Romans when Gaul was a province, and has still the impressive remains of a Roman theatre. Then there is the old castle where William the Conqueror assembled his barons to unfold to them his plans for the conquest of England. These things we saw next morning and then journeyed on to Rouen over those wonderful roads. We stopped on our way to see the quaint little Norman town of Caudebec, with its interesting church; and took a slight detour from the main road to see the wonderful ruins of the Abbey of Jumieges. We hear and read much of the ruined castles and abbeys of England; but almost nothing about those of France. Yet Kenilworth castle is not to be compared with Coucy; nor Fountains Abbey with Jumieges. In fact few travelers know anything of France; to most Americans France means Paris—a very ridiculous idea; as though one should ignore all New York State except the City.



In Rouen we spent the afternoon wandering about one of the most picturesque and inter-

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esting cities in the world. Two great churches of the first rank, one of the second, a dozen or more of the third, a Gothic Palais de Justice unrivaled among municipal buildings, many quaint old houses and some very fine ones, old towers and crooked streets—Rouen has preserved more mediæval treasures than almost any other place in France; and one afternoon was far too short a time there.



It were too much to tell of all we saw the next day on our road to Paris—quaint old churches and stained glass windows; but one thing must be mentioned—Chateau Gaillard. Perched up on a high rock at the center of a lovely bend of the Seine stands the ruins of Richard Coeur de Lion's "Saucy Castle," which was in its day a marvel of military architecture, and is now one of the most interesting of ruins. Richard intended to dominate the river approach to his rival's domains; for rivers were in those days the great arteries of commerce. But Philip Augustus was wise; he bided his time. Richard of England died and after him came John; and while John was having the nice little row with his subjects which ended in the Great Charter, Philip laid seige to Chateau Gaillard; and after some months it was his, with all the rest of

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John's French dominions—and a very good ride for England it was, too. The view from the old castle is beautiful, and well worth the climb.

As we neared Paris it was quite evident that we were in a country of motoring. The splendid roads have been literally ploughed into furrows; and we had a chance to appreciate the furious speed at which these people drive, for twice on this unfortunate day the Dragon went lame with a punctured paw. So we had to draw up by the roadside and be showered with dust, while motor after motor dashed by. The nearer we came to the great city the more there were; until as we drove up the Avenue of the Grand Army, around the Arch of Triumph and down the Champs Elysees—we found the whole center of the street reserved for motors—an endless procession of all sorts and sizes, tooting horns and flashing lights until one is dizzy and deafened with the noise and the whirl and the dirt. Tired and dusty we descended at last at the door of this best of little hotels—and soon forgot punctures, dirt and other miseries in hot water and a dinner such as Madame, the proprietress, alone knows how to provide.



IX

PARIS

(AND A SERMON)

Beauvais,

Friday, July 26th, 1907.

Paris and London have often been compared and contrasted, but the advent of the automobile gives one an entirely new basis for doing so. If London is the despair of the motorist Paris is his joy. Here you no longer find narrow, crooked streets, so crowded with jostling humanity that progress is always difficult and often well nigh impossible; on the contrary there are so many wide avenues and spacious boulevards that one is inclined to believe that Baron Haussman and the other projectors of modern Paris must have foreseen the advent of motor cars and planned accordingly. The whole center of the Champs Elysees leading to Napoleon's great Arch of Triumph is now reserved for motors; and they whizz by in ever increasing numbers and ever increasing rapidity; for if there are any speed laws in Paris no one pays any attention to them.

But if Paris is the city of the motorist it is becoming decidedly less pleasant for other folk. The noise is distracting and the dust disagree-

able. This formerly quiet little hotel where we are stopping now, resounds not only all day but most of the night with the ceaseless "honk-honk" of the passing motor, tooted in every possible key and with every variety of whirr and clank from wheels and chains and gearing. The motor-'busses in London are noisy and disagreeable enough; but here are motor-'busses and motor-cabs and motor-drays and private motor-cars enough to make one think the greater part of the population of Paris is engaged in tearing about on or in motors of some kind.

This motor craze and the new and wonderfully beautiful vista opened from the Champs Elysees across the Alexander bridge to the Tomb of Napoleon at the Hotel des Invalides are the only special changes one sees in Paris. The number of Americans, to be sure, is larger than ever, and one hears the high-pitched voice and nasal twang constantly; but that is more or less true all over Europe. Here it is more—herds of young American women fill the shops, and numberless young American men throng the boulevards.

10

Stepping into a drug store the other morning my ear was caught by a feeble request made to the clerk for some remedy for a headache.

I looked around and saw a pleasant and ingenuous appearing young fellow-countryman

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looking, as the boys say, "like the last hope." I recognized his complaint at once; he had been "seeing Paris." To judge by the expression of his countenance the morning after, he was not happy; and I felt like drawing him one side and giving him a good, solid talk. I should have said something like this:

"My young friend, you want a specific for a headache—I will give you the best: *Don't get one.* What is the use of throwing away your time, your health, and perhaps the most precious thing that nature has given you, for what? For the sake of 'seeing Paris'? Why, bless your simple heart, you have not been seeing Paris. You have been wasting the precious hours over things that are not particularly Parisian. You can see them in any city where the greed of man pampers to vice and folly.

"If you want to see Paris, first find out what there is to see in Paris that you cannot see anywhere else in the world. You will soon discover that there is here a great Cathedral, one of architecture's noblest creations, an exquisite chapel of the purest Gothic, the like of which is nowhere else to be seen on earth; a palace-museum of unlimited extent and filled with the choicest treasures of art of all nations and all periods; many other museums, churches, palaces and galleries where a man can spend endless hours of absorb-

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ing study; streets filled with bits of interesting old buildings, and historical associations which make one long for an additional life-time for reading and study. All these wonderful opportunities face you in every direction, with wide open doors inviting you to enter—yet you, blind and foolish youth, pathetic in your crass ignorance, and quite mistaken in your assumption of superiority over the beasts of the field, you turn away from all these, and spend your nights and waste your days over ‘seeing Paris.’

“Paris is, of course, to be seen as you saw it last night, if one wishes. It is still, as Matthew Arnold called it, ‘the city of the average sensual man.’ There is an undoubted glamor about a certain kind of vice in Paris which is absent elsewhere—and it flourishes openly and unashamed. But what then? It is essentially the same thing that you may see everywhere, in every large city. You can find nothing in Paris that you can’t find in London, in Berlin, in Vienna; yes, and in New York and Pittsburg as well.

“As for a certain variety of ‘life’ in Paris—the Moulin Rouge and that kind of thing—(I do not know, but you probably do, whether the Moulin Rouge is the present type of what I mean, but it was a few years ago; just as the Jardin Mabille was in a former generation);

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as for that, judging from all I have heard, it is the greatest fake and humbug. Enterprising caterers to wealthy youth and ignorance find out what is wanted and provide it. Fake students from a fake Latin Quarter are hired to come to these delectable joints with their fake companions; fake dances are arranged and carefully rehearsed so as to be sufficiently shocking; a fake riot is duly inaugurated when required; and fake policemen break up the fake orgy. With enough wigs and grease paint and appropriate costumes you can do the whole thing at home perfectly well—if you want to. But the idea that by participating in such affairs you are seeing real Parisian ‘life’ is a delusion affecting in its simplicity.

“You may, if you like, visit a Cafe Chantant; hear indecent songs that you can’t understand, and make the acquaintance of various undesirable people who are waiting for such ‘suckers’ as you; but there is nothing new about that, either—it is the ordinary Tenderloin music hall, with a few added electric lights and a little more dress (or undress), rouge and powder.

“To sum up: You can get your headaches quite as well nearer home, and much cheaper than by coming to Paris. If you travel for experience, to see new sights and learn new things—in short, for the only things that make

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the fatigues of travel worth while, you will omit the Tenderloin—which in Paris is really less characteristic than it is elsewhere, for it is largely constructed for just such rich and foolish Americans as you, and is hardly French at all—and ‘see’ the Paris that is worth seeing—the Paris of art and history, the Paris of the Louvre and Luxembourg,—of the Hotel Cluny, the Sainte Chapelle and the Cathedral of Notre Dame,—the Paris that you never can see elsewhere, the only Paris that makes Paris tolerable.

“Now, foolish young brother, go home and ponder these words of wisdom. You have seen Paris—and have gained a headache and a long dull sermon—Heaven send that you have gained nothing worse! You have lost time and sleep—Heaven send that you have lost nothing more precious! Go home, go to bed and take a long nap—and don’t make a fool of yourself any more.”

After this, if my young friend had not bolted before the sermon was finished, I should have helped him to a cab and paid the fare to his hotel.

But seriously, is it not a sad commentary upon our system of education and training of the young that about nine-tenths of the young men who come to Paris—and I am ashamed to say it is not confined to young men, either—have this

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idea; that "seeing Paris" consists in wasting time over tiresome old indecencies that can be just as well seen in their own cities—if one wants to see them at all?

AD

It must be confessed that Paris is to the sensitive American an essentially disagreeable city. In spite of its wonderful beauty, of its marvelous treasures of art, of its rich and interesting historical associations, there is something about the "city of the average sensual man" that grates upon Anglo-Saxon nerves. The true American will have too much of the Puritan in him to like it; and all the better that he has, too. Everywhere in the city harmony there is this false note—now here and now there, now loud and now soft, but always present. It is in the faces of the people, it is in the jokes of the comic papers, the pictures in the shop windows, on the stage and in the streets; it is in their art and their literature—a taint in the blood which it will take generations to wipe out.

AD

But this is sermonizing—not dragonizing. Still we must somehow give the Green Dragon a chance to rest, to procure extra stockings and shoes, to prepare for mountain climbing—in short, to get ready for a flight across France to

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Switzerland. And as we are in Paris we enjoy some of its sights. We pay visits to the Cathedral, the Sainte Chapelle, the Cluny museum, and the Tomb of Napoleon. We have a glimpse at the wonders of the Louvre—we marvel anew at the beauty of the Venus of Milo, at Michael Angelo's Dying Slave; we stand in reverence before the rich canvasses of the mighty painters; and when our eyes are tired, and also our legs, for these picture galleries are scant of seats and the floors are most horrid slippery, then we drive out to the park—the Bois de Boulogne—and pay our tribute of admiration to the city of Magnificent Vistas.



We have had great difficulty in shaking the dust of Paris from our feet. Intending to make an early start in the morning, it is ten-thirty a. m. before we are ready, and six p. m. before the Dragon is ready. It is no one's fault—just the total depravity of inanimate things, concerning which the essayist wrote. As we pass by the great Arch of Triumph, and take a last look back down the long avenue of the Champs Elysees to the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, and beyond that to the Tuileries Gardens and the Louvre, one has to admit that in spite of its faults, Paris is wonderfully beautiful—so lovely

PARIS.

and so interesting that it makes one sorry to have said unpleasant things about it. Can we not distinguish between the place and the people? Perhaps we could sing of Paris as the hymn-maker does of Ceylon, as a place

“Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.”

So, thinking of many things, we turn our faces away from the great city, and start for Switzerland.



X

A CROSS COUNTRY RUN

Pierrefonds,

Saturday, July 27, 1907.

Paris as a city is a motor's paradise, if one wants to motor in a city; but motoring in a city and touring by motor are two quite separate and distinct things. London is hard to get into and bad to get out of, because of its narrow, tortuous streets; Paris is hard to get into and bad to get out of, for a different reason—because most of its approaches, although by broad thoroughfares, are paved with the most deadly pavement known to motors. "Pavee" is the French term; and they distinguish between "Mauvais pavee" and "Bon pavee," although to us it seemed as if it were all bad, though some is worse than others. Pavee means a pavement of more or less square blocks of stone, driving over which produces that pleasing sensation known as "chattering of the teeth." It is about as trying to the nerves of the motorist as it is to the mechanism of his motor.

The game then, when it comes to arriving at or leaving Paris, is to find a route, no matter how circuitous, which will avoid the roads

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pavee. Of course these good roads are all cut up by the thousands of other motors which are engaged in the same game; so the supreme object, the prize as it were in the game, is to find a road both unfrequented and not pavee.

In our endeavors to play this game successfully we found ourselves starting for Switzerland by going to Beauvais; and starting for Beauvais on the north by going to Pontoise on the west.



As has been stated, owing to various causes the Green Dragon did not get started from Paris until after six o'clock in the afternoon; but we determined to start in any event, and get as far as we could before stopping for the night; so we set forth manfully and reaching Pontoise in the course of an hour and a quarter we sat down to dine, planning to resume our journey in the evening.

Now this was a mistake; traveling by night on unknown roads is not to be recommended; but we had become so proficient in following the excellent French motor maps that we had grown conceited, and were sure there would be no difficulty whatever. Moreover we are very hungry. So we had our dinner in true French fashion out in the street in front of the hotel at Pontoise, while a large section of the town's population came to inspect the Green Dragon; for all Frenchmen

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are interested in Dragons, Gryphons, Hippogriphs and such large game, and apparently view with special interest a real American dragon.

After an hour's delay, (and a pleasant meal), we set gaily off, little recking of what exciting sport we were soon to have. The sun had set in a blaze of red and gold, and the light still lingered in the western sky; but we had lighted our lamps, knowing that Beauvais was still far off. Our road at first ran along the banks of the gentle river Oise, with pleasant little villages dotting its banks. Unfortunately the dotting on our side was so frequent that it soon became quite impossible to say which pleasant little village it was that we were in, or where we ought to turn off for Beauvais. "This must be the turning," says one of the party. "Let's ask," says another.

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Now our party is distinguished for many things. If it were necessary we could name several desirable and some highly decorative qualities in which our party is unusually strong; but proficiency in conversing with and understanding the French tongue is not one—except when we arrive in German speaking countries. Then our French suddenly becomes bounded apparently only by the limits of the grammar and the dictionary. We all feel, not that in France

our French is not excellent and accurate, but that French people speak so carelessly and with so little regard for distinct and correct pronunciation,—and are so very slow in understanding good French when they do hear it.

There is another curious thing about us: When anyone says, "Let's ask," he invariably means "let's *you* ask." This of course is modesty; but it is apt to give rise to the retort, "Well, go ahead and ask,"—which, of course, is only another way of saying "After you, my dear Alphonse." However, if the truth is to be told the result usually is that nobody asks and that we remain as wise as at the beginning. The map-reader, after waiting in vain for some one to ask, tells the driver to go ahead.

But this is a digression.



In this case we did ask the way, and from everyone we asked we received the impression that any visible road would take us to Beauvais; so guided by the invaluable map we took a road which turned away from the river.

Alas the day! The road which looked very promising at first soon began to narrow and to run up hill in quite an undignified fashion; ultimately showing decided signs of following the example of that celebrated western road which ended in a squirrel track and ran up a tree. But

we followed it—we had to. The Green Dragon never turns back; for one reason if for no other—it requires a large section of a ten-acre lot to turn around in. In this case there seemed to be no ten-acre lot in which to perform the operation. We had to go on for the good reason that we couldn't go back.

Finally we emerged in the open country—the road had taken it into its head to become pastoral. It led us through fields of lovely grain—a great many of them. At another time we might have appreciated them—but there certainly was a great deal of them. There were fields of grain to the right of us, and fields of grain to the left of us, fields of grain behind us, and apparently an endless succession of fields of grain in front of us. We became suddenly very grateful for the long twilights of this region—for instinct told us that if we kept running toward the sunset light in the west long enough, we must ultimately strike something in the shape of a road; for our road had now become a mere farm track running about through endless fields. There was not a house in sight—nothing but waving grain; in France there are no fences—nothing to show that we were anywhere rather than some other where. We seemed alone in unlimited space—a speck in the midst of a universe of grain fields.

The light faded from the sky. It was of course

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utterly out of the question to turn back. The danger of getting stalled in the attempt was too great. Visions of accident to the Dragon presented unpleasing possibilities and some of us began to get decidedly nervous—when we suddenly became aware of a strange radiance which touched to gold the ripening grain at our side—from some unknown distance a search-light had flashed its brilliancy upon us!



Anything more weird and mysterious can hardly be imagined. One moment we were feeling ourselves utterly alone and deserted in the midst of a boundless prairie in the gathering night; and the next, from somewhere in the remote darkness—where we know not nor by whom, we were bathed in unearthly light and visible to the eyes of beings we could not see and whose purposes we did not know.

Was that a row of trees in front? If so, it must be a road! The light flashes off, and then travels slowly back to us. Apparently our movements are interesting to those unseen and unknown watchers. Can we signal to them the danger of our plight? Would they understand? At all events we must keep the Dragon in motion. The slightest stop might be fatal. Is that a house? Alas, no!—only a haystack; but the

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ground seems firmer under us, and perhaps we are heading for a road. At last as we peer more intently into the darkness ahead we see a succession of blacker shades. At last, thank goodness, a road! We don't much care where it leads, for it must lead somewhere. And we all breathe a deep sigh of relief as we pass a line of poplars and find ourselves on a firm white roadway.

The searchlight flashes away and is gone.



We proceed to examine maps and consult sign posts and question every night stroller we meet, until we are back at last on our road and safely driving in the direction of Beauvais. There we arrive shortly after eleven o'clock, tired and only too glad to spend the night in comfortable beds rather than camping in the open air.

But we think for a cross country run we can recommend the Green Dragon. Whether he would follow the hounds over hedges and brooks we are not quite sure; we will wait until we return to England before trying; but we have quite decided to climb either Mount Blanc or the Matterhorn in the Dragon; we can't as yet decide which.



But what was the meaning of that searchlight over those vast fields of grain? And who were the unknown watchers?

XI

CHURCHES AND CASTLES

Commercy,

Monday, July, 29, 1907.

It was not alone for the purpose of getting the best run out of Paris that we went to Beauvais—it was to see the great church there; for Beauvais' colossal fragment of a Cathedral is one of the most impressive buildings in France. Starting out boldly in the fifteenth century to build the largest church in Christendom, the good people of this little town got as far as the choir and transepts, when faith or money or both gave out. They boarded up the nave as best they might, and there the magnificent structure stands, the symbol of an ideal too lofty to be realized. There is something pathetic in its unfinished immensity, as it rises like a huge perpendicular cliff out of the sea of small buildings about its base. I know of no other structure that gives one quite such an idea of soaring grandeur, both inside and out.

And the Cathedral is not Beauvais' only claim upon the traveler's time. It has another interesting church; and its streets and great square are filled with quaint old houses. One longs to stop and ramble about at leisure and get well acquainted with its curious nooks and corners.

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An early afternoon's run, with the accompaniment of a smart shower, took us through smiling fertile country to Compiègne, where as the Green Dragon needed a little extra attention after the cross country run of the evening before some of us had time to go through the Palace. This royal residence was occasionally visited by the old kings of France for the purpose of hunting and was the favorite dwelling place of Napoleon III. There is a great deal of handsome satin hangings and furniture still there, and a great many bad paintings. These palaces are on the whole very dreary places. If they possess any rooms at all suggestive of comfort and convenience, they are carefully kept from the eyes of visitors; and one walks on slippery waxed floors from the blue ante-chamber of the queen to the green work-room of the king, without seeing a single spot where under any possible set of circumstances one can imagine oneself or anyone else feeling at home. To be sure one can occupy oneself by deciphering the many excellent moral lessons which are writ large upon the walls for those who have eyes to see; but *vanitas vanitatum* while doubtless very edifying, is a rather mournful text after all, upon a pleasant, sunny afternoon.

But if the palaces are dreary the gardens are usually bright and cheerful. While not as beau-

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tiful as the English gardens, the aim of which is to reproduce and perfect nature, there is yet a great charm about these French gardens with their long vistas through thick verdure; their formal groupings of gravel walks, white statues, cool fountains and clipped alleys; with sometimes, as at Compiègne, an extended view of distant hills and forest. We sat in chairs, for which we were called upon to pay the sum of two cents apiece, and leaning back against a balustrade and had a delightful dream in the warm sun, (for the morning's shower had quickly passed), until the Green Dragon was ready to run on again. And a most delightful run it was, of three-quarters of an hour through the forest of Compiègne; until we turn abruptly around a bend—then we see a little town nestling in the valley, a little river winding through it—and above river and town, dominating the scene with a force and power like that of the Cathedral of Beauvais—standing like the realization of some poet's dream of the Middle Ages—the great castle of Pierrefonds.



It was built in the beginning of the fifteenth century by Louis, Duke of Orleans, the brother of the crazy King Charles VI. It was a fortress and palace in one; so strong that like Chateau

Gaillard or Coucy it was all but impregnable. In later times, after it had become the policy of the crown to weaken the great feudal lords, its demolition was ordered by Cardinal Richelieu. It was too expensive a job to carry out this order thoroughly with such an enormous mass of masonry, but the castle was partially destroyed and rendered useless for purposes of warfare.

Later on the property reverted to the crown; and it was proposed to reconstruct the castle as a sample of what a complete mediæval castle looked like. This was ultimately carried out under Napoleon III. by the great architect, Viollet le Duc, who gave many years' study to the problem.

The result is what we see; a castle which is a veritable vision of mediæval times. It looks new to be sure—the great fortress with its seven huge towers has the appearance as if it was just ready for the lord and his retainers to move in. In fact one feels as if it would not be at all incongruous to have a company of steel-clad warriors come clattering around the castle and over the drawbridge, with the Duke himself at the head—perhaps to see if the carpenters have at last finished the woodwork in the great hall, or if the plumbers have yet put in the last of those great lead pipes which carry the water off the roof.

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How delightful under such circumstances it must have been to be a haughty Lord of the Middle Ages: "By my halidome, Master Carpenter, an' ye be not finished with the woodeworke of my Ladye's chamber within two dayes—nay I will give thee but twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes—I will have thee soundly whipped. Fifty lashes per minute for all over tyme—and ten lashes for *pourboire* to boot—lazy knave that thou art! Or perchance I will e'en knocke thy procrastinating pate from off thy bootless bodye. See!" and with these words the Baron turned upon his iron heel and left the trembling caitiff to say an ave, and then hasten again to his work with a righte goode wille.

Or even more gladsome would be a scene like this: "Gadzooks," quoth the Duke, kicking in his rage the stool at his feet clean out of window; "Gadzooks! and also Odsbobs! I will beare this no longer. It is the third leake in the joints of that gargoye. Yanke me hither yon prevaricating plumber. Miserable wretch," roared the Duke as the village plumber was dragged before him, "know ye not that ye came to this castle at mine owne expense neither to run up and down stairs for exercise after each separate toole, nor yet to flirte with ye scullery maide; but to lay real pipes that water would run thru? Look at that gargoye—it has already

been repaired three separate and distincte tymes; and verily I believe that each tyme thou comest thou pokest a new hole in it. Now thou shalt have all the water that thy infernal leakes let thru poured down they gaping gullet." At this fearful sentence the miserable plumber gave a ghastly shriek, and did fall in a swoon; but no one felt pity, for every man present had suffered alike at the hands of the plumber.

Yes, it must have been pleasant at times to have been a mediæval baron! But this is a digression.



After a night at the nice little Hotel des Bains which lies at the foot of the hill, we were shown through the great castle the next morning; and after luncheon were again under way. Another delightful ride through beautiful golden fields of ripening grain, lovely green river meadows and quaint little towns, brought us to the edge of a hill, where looking across the valley we saw on the opposite height the splendid donjon keep and encircling towers of Coucy le Chateau.

The little town nestles back of the castle and is still surrounded by its massive walls and gates. The Dragon carried us up the hill, under the frowning archway, through the tortuous streets, across the moat and into the outer wards

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of the castle itself. A trite but oft-recurring thought again naturally suggested itself: What would the old knights and ladies have thought of such a party? How surprised the proud Sire de Coucy—so proud that he took for his motto: “I am no King; neither Prince nor Count. I am the Lord of Coucy;”—how surprised he would have been to have even dreamt of such a modern intrusion into his walls. He wouldn’t have been so much surprised at a Green Dragon scrambling up the hill spitting fire and smoke and ringing at the castle gates—that he would have been half prepared for; but the riders—those curious new types of human beings with their modern notions of Democracy and Equality—these he would have wondered at. And then follows always the equally trite thought; what additional changes has the future in store for the children of men?



We wandered over the ruins, ascending the mighty donjon—a tower of such superb masonry, with its walls twenty-four feet thick, that when they tried to demolish it in the reign of Louis XIV. by setting off a great charge of gunpowder inside, it simply blew out five vaulted ceilings, five floors and the roof, as if from the mouth of a huge cannon; and the walls of the tower with the exception of a slight crack were left intact.

And there it stands today, an example of what can be done in masonry when honest workmanship is united to intelligent design.



From Coucy we took our way to Reims (or Rheims as the English spell it), across more fields of waving grain, along more pleasant valleys, and up across more hills. The whole of this section of France is an enormous elevated plateau or table land, into which the rivers have cut valleys of varying widths, and which at the top is flat. After crossing one valley and ascending again to the table land, we could see far off over the lower levels toward the east to Loan on the top of its hill, with the Cathedral towers forming a landmark for miles around. Loan is set on an isolated fragment of the great table land which rises like an island out of the plain. We ought to have turned aside, but our faces are set towards Switzerland, and the Alps beckon us on. Moreover, to the south of us as we fly over the firm white roads, rise other and greater cathedral towers; and soon we are entering Reims where the Porta Martis, the old Roman gateway, still stands, and find ourselves in front of the Cathedral.

“The choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the towers of Chartres, the facade of Reims,”—these form the elements of a perfect cathedral,

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according to a French saying. Alas! the facade of Reims is now undergoing restoration and is hidden by an ugly mass of scaffolding, behind which the beautiful old sculpture, exquisitely colored by the centuries, and interesting because it is the real thing, is being replaced by smug, smooth and uninteresting modern work which is not and never can be the real thing. Why do they not cover the old carvings with some preparation to preserve them and prevent further decay, but leaving them so far as possible as the builders left them. They have suffered enough from destruction without adding restoration. Everywhere we go the demon of restoration pursues us. We could not see the great tower of Canterbury—they were restoring it; we could not see the front of Rouen Cathedral—they were restoring it; now we can't see the special glory of Reims—they are restoring it. Thank Heaven, they can't be restoring the Alps!



However, there is another glory that Reims possesses that we may enjoy—the wonderful stained glass. The west windows, to be sure, are darkened by the scaffolding outside; but as we enter the church and look up at the clerestory windows we see the sun glistening through such wondrous combinations of ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz and amethyst as the eastern story-

teller imagined in the windows of Aladdin's palace. We realize now the purpose the Gothic architects had in mind when they built their churches so as to get the greatest amount of window space.

The glass in the lower windows at Reims was all smashed at the time of the Revolution, the upper windows being saved by the difficulty of getting at them; so there they still stand, the very same pictured saints and prophets that looked down upon Joan of Arc when she brought her king here to be crowned. For it was at Reims that all the kings of France came to be crowned and to be consecrated with the sacred oil which a dove once brought down to St. Remi when he baptized Clovis. The sacred oil had a way of miraculously renewing itself; so that it was always fresh and ready whenever there was a coronation to be performed.

A curious superstition truly! but not half so strange as that other superstition which kept men faithful and loyal and submissive to those same kings of France, generation after generation. Look at those men as century after century they succeeded one another to the crown, —heavens, what a set! Fancy anyone bowing down and thinking those miserable creatures divinely appointed to rule. Among all the kings of France for five hundred years you will find

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but one good, clean, able man—Louis IX., the Saint; and one good, able man who was not clean, Henry IV.—Henry of Navarre. All the rest are at the best stupid and worthless like poor Louis XVI., who lost his head; and at the worst are unspeakable tyrants and blackguards like Louis XI., whom readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember.

And of the whole line none was more shiftless, contemptible, weaker and more treacherous, and that is saying a great deal, than the man in whose service and for whose sake poor Joan of Arc did her wondrous work. It is the maid of Domremy whose figure we see in imagination standing in the choir of Reims Cathedral, not that of the miserable creature upon whose head the crown rested for a brief span. His life was for a day; hers is forever. He is remembered now only as one of the most revolting figures in all history, related as he was to one of the noblest figures in all history.



A visit to Joan's birthplace is one of the reasons for our coming to France; so the next morning, after stopping a moment at the church of St. Remi to see the shrine of the saint and some more glorious stained glass a century still earlier than the windows of the Cathedral, we leave Reims and lunch at Chalons-sur-Marne at an

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hotel named with an ingenuous irreverence truly French, "The Holy Mother of God," (*La haute Mere de Dieu*).

A mile or two east of Chalons we find ourselves passing a noted place of pilgrimage; an exquisite little church—*Notre Dame de l'Epine*, or *Our Lady of the Thorn*. A shepherd once found a statue of the Virgin behind a thornbush; miracles were performed; a church grew up, and this beautiful building was the result. There is no time to describe it; there was but little time to inspect it; we must hurry on to Commercy for the night. Over hill and valley we fly through the long summer afternoon; the broad white *Route Nationale* unrolling itself before us mile after mile—hour after hour. Again through endless fields of ripening grain; the road now bordered with tall poplars, and now with uninterrupted views over the broad expanse of sun-lit golden wheat.

Then we find ourselves in grateful shadow as we plunge through the cool recesses of the forest of Commercy, and reach this little village where we find another nice inn and a good dinner, ending with the little cakes for which the town is famous—the *Madelaines* of Commercy.



XII

THE JOAN OF ARC COUNTRY

Langenthal,

Wednesday, July 31, 1907.

Heavy showers in the night had washed all nature clean and tempered the heat of the previous day when we started out from Commercy. The clouds hung low at first; but as the morning wore on the sun shone through, and certainly the valley of the Meuse is as lovely a pastoral landscape as it ever shines upon.

It is interesting and curious how one seems to understand better the careers of men and women in history when one has gone to their places of birth, and looked upon the scenes which surrounded them in the impressionable years of childhood. Especially is this true of Joan of Arc. Perhaps because her life was one of such single and definite purpose; or because throughout her career—all her experiences of court and camp, she remained always the simple peasant girl of Domremy; or because in the records of her trial, and second trial or vindication after her death, we have one of the most complete analyses of any person in history, and so come closer to the influences which surrounded her; or

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it may be all three causes. But although we know Joan of Arc so well in one sense; yet she and her career must ever remain one of the marvels of history. Let us recall the outlines.



England had been warring with France for many years, the original cause being the utterly absurd and ill-founded claim of King Edward III. to the throne of France. The war has been glorified in English history because of the victories of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt; nevertheless nature exacted her retribution. England paid the penalty for the French wars in the dreadful civil wars that followed—the Wars of the Roses; (was ever such a hideous fact covered with such an attractive name)?

In France the Hundred Years' War, as it is called in French history, was a period of such utter misery that as one reads the accounts it seems strange that enough people were left alive to inhabit the country and afford material for the ravages of war, of organized private pillage and the epidemics of horrible disease. When the battle of Agincourt was lost there was no force left in France to continue the struggle; the King was insane, the Queen was a corrupt woman of abandoned character, the Dauphin (the heir to the crown) was in hiding, the Duke of Burgundy,

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the greatest noble of France, had gone over to the English side,—there was no spirit left in any class to wage an organized resistance. The feudal system, moreover, by which each man owed allegiance to some other man, made it almost impossible for him to realize that there was a duty which he owed to his country. There was really no country—no nation of France for which the sentiment we call patriotism was felt. If the Duke of Burgundy chose to transfer his allegiance from the King of France to the King of England, he expected as a matter of course that all his lesser nobles and dependants would transfer themselves along with him—a rather absurd outcome of any system of human government, when you come to think of it.

So poor France, torn by civil dissensions and crushed by a foreign foe, was handed over to the English King Henry V. by the treaty of Troyes. It was agreed that poor old crazy Charles VI. should bear the title of King for the rest of his life and then King Henry should succeed; and in the meantime Henry should govern as regent.

But we all know what happens to the best laid plans of mice and men. The English King suddenly died in the prime of his youth, leaving a baby son; then a few weeks later the old French King died, and the baby was crowned King Henry VI. of England and France.

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Minorities were always troublesome things in those days; and had the heir to the French throne been half a man he would have taken immediate advantage of the situation. But discouraged, and forsaken by all but a few adherents, he was wasting his time in dissipation in the little territory that was still left to him south of the river Loire, conscious that with the fall of Orleans, a loyal city beseiged by the English, even that little would be lost to him and no course would be left but flight into Spain. Then suddenly there came an event which might well be termed miraculous.



In the central and eastern part of France, in the lovely and quiet valley of the Meuse, lies the little village of Domremy. On the borders of the town in the year 1422 lived Jacques D'Arc and his family. They were simple peasants of the better class, owning a small house with animals and fowls. It was a remote community owing allegiance, unlike most places about it, directly to the King of France. It had itself known little of the horrors of the Hundred Years' War; but of course even into that peaceful region had come dreadful tales of the suffering and deeds of violence which were prevalent throughout France; and once the villagers had to fly for refuge to the

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town of Neufchateau, while the village and its flocks and herds were given over to the mercy of the marauders. With the other houses that of Jacques D'Arc suffered from fire. Among his children was a daughter, Jeanne, (Joan or Jane is the less musical English version of the name). She was a girl of singular goodness and simple sweetness of character; but there had been nothing else to distinguish her from the rest of the village maidens. Suddenly she paralyzed with astonishment her family and friends by telling them that she must go at once to the aid of the King as it was her mission to save France.

It seems that for some years past she had been having occasional visions. She believed that St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret had appeared to her; and that heavenly voices had warned her of work which God had ordained that she should do. Her voices now told her that the time had come and revealed to her the first step. She was at this time seventeen years old.

Of course her father treated her as any man of common sense would have done, and sternly forbade her to undertake any such ridiculous escapade. The King was many miles away at Chinon, south of the Loire; the road to which place lay straight through country held by the English, and difficult for even a man-at-arms to pass—for a young girl quite impossible; even if there was

anything a simple and ignorant peasant girl could do for the King after she got there. The whole idea was manifestly preposterous. Joan yielded for a time to her father; for she was a good, obedient girl; but her voices would not let her rest, and persisting in her plan, she at length persuaded her uncle Laxart to take her to Vaucouleurs, a small town to the north of Domremy. Here lived Robert, Sire de Baudricourt, a rough knight who was in charge of the castle which dominated the town. Joan asked for an interview with Baudricourt and was refused—he thought she was crazy. She then took up her residence with a respectable woman in the town, telling everyone that she had been divinely appointed to help the King and to save France; and that Baudricourt was to send her with an escort of men-at-arms to Chinon.

Now it happened that there was an ancient prophecy that at some time France would be saved by a maiden. The people of Vaucouleurs became interested. Everyone who talked with Joan was impressed with her gentle sincerity, and her absolute faith in the divine source of her mission. Finally two young knights volunteered for her service. The talk spread and reached the ears of Baudricourt. He at last became curious and sent for Joan. Utterly skeptical at first, he in the end surprised himself and everyone else

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by agreeing to do what she asked. Her first miracle was performed when, against his own judgment, and in utter defiance of all common sense, this rough and ready soldier agreed to do such a preposterous thing—at the behest of this simple peasant girl who could neither read nor write. Or rather the miracle was performed because she did not ask him—she told him that he must do it; with such evident belief and faith that at last she forced him also to the belief that he really was going to do it. It is a sample of her power over all those with whom she came in contact.

So forth from Baudricourt's castle at Vaucouleurs rode Joan the maid, clad for greater safety in a man's suit of mail and attended by a small retinue, straight through the enemy's country. They traveled mostly by night and through many difficulties and dangers, guided always by her shrewd and masterly common sense, united with a constant faith in divine guidance.



It would take too long to tell the whole story, how at Chinon she recognized the King amid the crowd of courtiers, when they tried to deceive her by dressing up someone else as the King; how she was examined as to her orthodoxy for fear she might be a witch or leagued with the devil, and came triumphantly out of the ordeal,

her simple faith and shrewd common sense baffling the clever and learned ecclesiastics who tried to entrap her; how at length she was put in charge of the King's forces to go to the relief of Orleans; how she raised an army and led it against the English who were compelled to abandon the siege; how she won victory after victory, in spite of sloth, jealousy and treachery among those whose business it was to aid her; how at length she brought her King to Reims, and there saw him crowned King of France—the significance of the act being that until the Dauphin had been actually consecrated with the sacred oil of St. Remi he was not regarded as being legitimately a King of France.

Then came the sad and tragic ending—her pathetic plea to be allowed to return to Domremy and her cows and sheep, asking nothing for herself; her yielding to the King's entreaties to remain as general-in-chief; the balking by the cowardly and treacherous advisors of the King of her plans to take Paris; her being taken prisoner outside the walls of Compiègne, the gates by accident or treachery being shut against her; her surrender to the English by the Duke of Burgundy, one of whose captains had captured her; the dreadful ordeal of her imprisonment; her trial for sorcery by Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, and her final martyrdom at the stake in Rouen.

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Whatever way you look at it this career has no parallel in history. Never before nor since has there been a commander-in-chief of forces at the age of seventeen. Never has there been such complete attainment of a desired end by the mere force of sublime faith in the power to attain—faith which spread from her own person first to those about her and then to every man in the army, and even to the enemy. Time and time again she would be told by every sensible person that a thing was impossible only to prove by doing it that it was possible.

Then there is that strange side to her character—a kind of second sight. She at times knew things that were going on in her absence by some remarkable power of divination. She gave orders to go to the altar of the church of St. Catherine at Fierrebois and they would find a sword which was intended for her. They came back and reported that there was no such sword there; that no one knew anything about such a sword. She commanded them to go again and look; and digging in the earth behind the high altar they found a sword with three fleur-de-lis stamped upon the blade. This is only one of many such strange incidents in her career. Her recognition of the King at Chinon, although she had never seen him before, was another instance of this weird gift. Once at Orleans she started up from

her sleep crying that an assault had been ordered without consulting her—which was true. She rushed out, jumped on horseback, and arrived just in time to turn defeat into victory. Is it any wonder that she was thought to be divinely inspired; and who will say that she was not? She saved France. She is the very ideal of patriotism—something which so far as I have read had hardly been known before in the history of the world. She was above all, unselfishness personified. When asked by the King after his coronation to choose her reward she would demand nothing for herself except the privilege to return to her peasant's life; when further pressed to name some substantial reward, the only boon she would ask was that her beloved Domremy should be forever relieved from taxation. The request was granted; and for over three hundred years thereafter Domremy escaped that burden; but the Revolution, which swept away so many things, good and bad, swept away this with the rest, and Domremy now has no exemption. The one reward she asked of France is denied; although they erect huge memorials and bad statues by the dozen.



[Speaking of memorials and statues it is not a little extraordinary, considering the interest there has been in Joan of Arc through all the centuries, how utterly feeble and inept are most

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representations of her. In literature she has never been worthily portrayed; none of the greatest musicians have found inspiration in her story; and when we come to painting and sculpture it is far worse.

Of all the many statues that I have ever seen of Joan of Arc only three are bearable; the martial little figure by Fremiet, who reins in her horse and raises her banner aloft, in Paris where the Rue des Pyramids runs into the Rue de Rivoli; the charming, simple little figure by the Princess Marie of Orleans which stands in front of the Hotel de Ville at Orleans; and the one by Dubois in front of the church of St. Augustin in Paris, and again in front of the Cathedral of Reims—the one riding forward with her sword held out in her right hand and her sweetly plain face irradiated as with a vision. All the rest, if not simply leather and prunella, are disfigured stone and worthless bronze. In a different category are the two groups, one in marble in the garden at Domremy, and the fine bronze in front of the Memorial church.

Of all the pictures I know only one is bearable; the "Vision" by Bastian Lepage in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, a fine conception; but the rest might all go on the rubbish heap with small loss to the world. That is, all except the

lovely little volume by Boutet de Monvel. That is a veritable gem, and should be owned by every one interested in Joan of Arc].



Thinking of all these things we were carried by the Green Dragon into Vaucouleurs that cloudy morning and drew up at the church. It is a building of much later date than Joan of Arc—seventeenth century; but it is on the site of the one which Joan attended while she was waiting for Baudricourt to be convinced. It has two modern stained glass windows to her memory; one showing her riding forth from Vaucouleurs, and the other the dreadful last scene at the stake in Rouen.

From there we climbed the hill to the ruins of the castle. There is not much left of it; but that little is interesting. Here is the tiny little basement chapel in which Joan spent the last night in prayer before setting out on her wondrous mission; and there is the tower and the very gateway whence she rode forth. It is quite evident that very few tourists come here; old houses and sheds utilize the remains of the old towers; weeds and nettles grow thick about the fragments of wall; and we might have carried away bodily many old bits of carved pillars and tra-ceried stones that lay about, had we been so

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minded. In the midst of the castle ruins they have started to build a memorial in the shape of a lofty tower; and the substructure and first story are finished. It looks ugly enough to make one wish they wouldn't.



Then we drove on down the lovely valley, with tall poplars lining the course of the river; and beyond the river and the meadows the long, quiet lines of green hills. Soon we came to a quaint little village, with nothing to distinguish it from the others we had passed through; but we knew from our map that we had reached sacred ground—it is Domremy—"Domremy la Pucelle" its full title now—Domremy the Maid. At the farther end—the south end of the village, perhaps fifty or sixty feet back from the high road, in the pleasant garden which pious hands have preserved about it, stands the little stone house—the birthplace and residence of Joan of Arc until she went forth to accomplish her mission. It is of course the simplest of peasant houses. Over the door is a tiny Gothic niche and a crude little kneeling figure, which Louis XI., the son and successor of Joan's king, Charles VII., caused to be placed there. Inside are dark and bare rooms; the one living room and three small chambers, one of them pointed out as Joan's. Upstairs is a pathetically dull little museum. The Revolu-

tion destroyed what few real relics of Joan existed—so they have here made a collection of various prints, photographs and copies of paintings, statues, engravings and other representations of Joan and various incidents in her life. And if anyone wishes to realize how hopelessly the general run of mankind can fail in catching the spirit of the divine, where it is so plain, let him come here and study these banal productions. We have here mincing Joans, pretty-pretty Joans, conscious-saintly Joans, theatrical Joans, fine lady Joans, corset-model Joans—every variety one might say except the real Joan—the plain country maid, guided by the divine voices, and beautiful with the beauty of her simple goodness and glorious faith in her God and her mission.

We enter our names in the visitors' book, among those of many French, a few English, and so very few Americans that they could almost be counted on your fingers; and then we return to the sunlight which has now broken through the clouds. So much in the world has changed, yet here is the very house in which she lived, there are the high road, the river, the meadows, the woods and the everlasting hills—the very scene that daily met the eyes of that wonderful girl while she was preparing for her divinely appointed task. From the front of the house

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there is a good view up and down the valley and along the hillside to the fine new memorial church they are building.



The Dragon carries us up through the grain fields and along the hillside to the new church. It is on the site of the spot on the edge of the woods where Joan saw her last vision at Domremy—when the Saints appeared and her voices commanded her to go and save France. A fine group of sculpture stands at the front of the church, Joan with St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret. We go inside, but the church is not yet finished. A nice little priest, very ingenuous and confiding, shows us about. He wishes us to see all there is and explains to us carefully what it is to be like when finished. The frescoes which had been prepared were not right, and could not be accepted, he tells us. Why? Well, they were neither religious enough nor historical enough. When we tell him that we are from America and wanted especially to come over to see the birthplace of Joan of Arc, he is much touched and interested; and takes us out on the balcony to admire the lovely view. After we have photographed the view and shown the proper appreciation he is still more delighted. Then we ask permission to make a slight donation toward the completion of the church and he

quite overflows with gratitude. He confides to us that they are planning a grand festival in memory of Joan of Arc; "but you know, Monsieur, what a sad state of things is now in France." Alas! Our knowledge of French is not sufficient to enter into a discussion of Church and State, even were it tactful to embark upon it; so we presently make our adieus. "Wait a moment," says the little priest, "I will show you something," and he hurries to his house, which is a few steps down the road. He is evidently greatly pleased at our interest,—another sign that tourists are rare. Soon he emerges from the house with an old black leather case in his hands which he tenderly opens and shows us two small ivory bas-reliefs, each about six inches square,—two scenes from the life of Joan very delicately and beautifully carved, and quite evidently old. "Is it not a treasure?" says the little priest proudly. We agree that it is. "It is very old—it belongs to her time," he continues. The ivory is quite yellow from age, it is true, but judging by the style of the carving we cannot agree with him—it is quite evidently of a considerably later date; but it is not necessary to argue the point. We congratulate him warmly on his treasure, and with many expressions of thanks on both sides we exchange pleasant farewells, and he returns with the precious carvings to his house while the Dragon carries us back to Domremy, where we

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rejoin the high road, and turn south to Neufchâteau. It has been one of the most interesting of the Green Dragon's experiences.



After lunching at Neufchâteau we have an afternoon's rapid run through a very interesting country—ever increasing mountains and deeper valleys. The villages here are quite different in character from those in northern and central France. We observe—indeed we can't help observing—that it is the fashion to have one's manure pile at the front door of the house rather than in the back garden. We had read that this was the usual Alsacian method of showing wealth—but it is not a pretty nor a pleasant method.

The French custom of having the main road wind about through the town continues. In England the roads in the country twist and turn, but as a rule go straight through a town or village; in France the roads are straight in the country, but twist and turn through the towns. It is one of the many entertaining differences between the two countries.

We reach Montbeliard for the night—a pleasant little town near the borders of France, with a large garrison of soldiers living high up in an old castle turned into barracks. Here we find the usual good hotel, and have, as usual, a good

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dinner, for a really poor meal is rare in France. At night we are asked to register our names—which is unusual; but we are near the border of Germany and spies are not unknown.

The next morning we are up in good season only to find the rain pouring down as if it at last meant business; but taking plenty of time in our preparations for leaving, we are rewarded with our usual good luck; the rain stops, the clouds drift apart—and soon after we start the sun shines gaily again. A short run brings us to Delle, the last French town on the border; we have our French customs receipt endorsed, we pay the necessary Swiss duties, and have the Green Dragon duly inspected and stamped, go through the perfunctory customs examination, they don't even take down the trunk behind—simply ask a few questions and take our word that we have nothing dutiable); then we drive on, take deep breaths of the mountain air, which we already imagine tastes richer and sweeter than that which we have been breathing—we are in Switzerland.



XIII

ENTERING SWITZERLAND

Axenfels,

Friday, August 2, 1907.

"I shan't advise any friend of mine to bring his motor to Switzerland, ye know," said an affable Englishman to us in the garage at Lucerne; "why, ye know you can go by railway to every one of these bally pimples!"

To those unversed in the elegant diction of the modern Briton, I would explain that "bally pimples" referred to Pilatus and the other Swiss mountains. Whether our worthy friend expected to ascend the Rigi or the Matterhorn in his motor, or whether he had merely thought Switzerland was still an untouristed wilderness I do not know. I merely record his touching and beautifully phrased sense of disappointment.

As for us, notwithstanding our cross country run en route to Beauvais, we had no idea of climbing mountains in the Green Dragon, or even of going over high passes—the valleys being quite good enough for us. All we asked of the Dragon was to get us there, and our own legs would do the rest. In other words we came to Switzerland for a mountain tramp—not to fly about with the Green Dragon.

However, the Dragon has been of great service in Switzerland, and most delightful the service has been. Moreover a certain amount of mountain climbing is necessary in order to get anywhere in Switzerland as we soon found out. After passing the frontier and customs at Delle we ran on to a little town called Porrentruy for luncheon; and soon afterwards found ourselves at the foot of the Jura—the range of mountains which lies to the west of the Alps, and which must be crossed in order to reach Lucerne. Our roads were no longer the magnificent highways of France; although we should all wonder at their excellence if we had them at home. The map showed us various sharp turns and steep ascents; and there was some question in our minds as to how the Green Dragon would like flying up such roads with our heavy party. And certainly the pass over which our road lay had a dubious name—"Le Mont Terrible."

All doubts were soon solved, however. The Dragon started upwards in splendid form; and for seven miles, winding around the bends of the mountains, it took us up, up, up with a steady, easy pull which was a pleasure to witness. We had hardly time to enjoy the views broadening behind us; or to catch glimpses through the mountain gaps for miles and miles over the sunny valleys of France we had left. Up, up, up, around sharp bends of which the map had forewarned us,

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craning our necks to see if we were to meet any other vehicle just around the corner—a sure case of accident if we did. Up, up, up, until at the summit of the pass we came to a halt, to let the Dragon cool down and to look off over the fine view in all directions. The road here ran along a narrow hogs-back, with a steep descent of many hundred feet on each side and high, green mountains closing in the views to east and west. There is no mistake—the Green Dragon can climb all right. The descent on the other side is not always so easy, for brakes have a most uncomfortable habit of burning out. We found running on the compression was the safest and easiest method of descent, and so reached the foot of the pass in good order.



For the rest of the afternoon we ran through a wonderful succession of lovely valleys and wild, picturesque gorges cutting through the successive heights between. Magnificent cliffs towered above us; and in some places there was hardly room for both river and road. The close of the afternoon found us still some little distance from Lucerne, so we put up for the night in Langenthal—an attractive, clean little Swiss village, with the houses dropped around in most picturesque confusion.

The next day was August first; and thereby hangs a tale.



We were all sleeping peaceably in the early morning. One of the party at least had passed a restless night; but had at last subsided into sound repose. Suddenly a roar of brazen trumpets as if to wake the dead! A mighty crash to make walls rock and steeples fall asunder! I vaguely wondered whether Pilatus had tumbled over on top of us; or whether I had fallen into Pandemonium ahead of time; or whether it was only Senator Grady talking to the New York Senate. Then as my scattered senses gradually collected I realized that a brass band was serenading us from the square outside; and that the echo from the buildings over the way, and the quietness of the early morn was increasing the din about threefold. I looked at my watch as well as I could for the noise—it was just five fifteen a. m.. I crept to the chilly window and saw the perpetrators of the outrage—there were just fourteen of them; and their audience besides myself and other profane sleepers was composed of five boys and a dog.

Could it be that this was a new or an old Swiss custom of greeting distinguished strangers? After the first sensation of helpless misery sub-

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sided, the absurdity of the thing suddenly came upon us, and we laughed until we cried, and some of us nearly had hysterics. Four mortal pieces did those vile trumpeters play, (and it was one of the very worst bands ever heard); then "silence, like a poultice, fell"; and we thanked Heaven and turned over to go to sleep again. Just as we were dozing off—Hark—Tumpety, tumpety, tum, tum, tum,—on the wings of the dawn comes a distant strain—a repetition of the outrage at a little distance, and we are broad awake again. It is comforting, however, to know that we are not the only victims.

Four times that early morning did that ridiculous band go through this programme in different places of the town. Later we learned the meaning of it. August first is the day upon which Switzerland celebrates its independence—their Fourth of July in fact. When we learned this we forgave them their bad music; and were thankful we had not exploded gasoline under our serenaders, as had been suggested. We are very glad Switzerland is free; it is a nice, sensible, well-governed little country; and we hope it will remain free—but the next time we arrive in Switzerland on the first of August we shall wait and cross the border after six a. m.



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It was but a short morning's run to Lucerne and there we saw the first snow peaks—that is always exciting. To one who has never seen them before it is indeed a most thrilling moment—one of the supreme moments of life,—when one looks high in the air, and there sees those dazzling fields of eternal snow hanging in the heavens. Even if you have seen it before, you have forgotten how wondrously, impossibly beautiful it is. And as you look, comes that stirring within you of the call of the heights—that desire to climb—to mount up and up—up to those wonderful fields of ice and snow—up to where you can look far down on the lakes and valleys and the teeming cities of men—up among the summits where you can feel that most wonderful thing in nature—a perfect stillness. He who cannot feel this Alpine tingle in his blood is greatly to be pitied—like “the man that hath no music in himself and is not moved by concord of sweet sounds.” To have eyes and see not is as sad as to have ears and hear not. He loses the best and most sublime sensation that the world can give him.

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Of course we go to see the Lion of Lucerne. Everybody goes to see the Lion, and so we go to see the Lion. Moreover the Lion is worth seeing. It wears well. One does not tire of it, in spite of

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the endless photographs and reproductions one sees everywhere. Only a great work of art can stand such a test successfully. As everyone knows, the Lion is the work of the great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, and is in memory of the Swiss guards who were killed in the defence of Louis XVI. in the French Revolution. It is, by the way, an excellent illustration of the value to a town of a genuine work of art. It has probably brought to Lucerne a vast amount of fame and money. They might have entrusted the monument to an inferior artist; and the result would have been a stupid piece of sculpture like so many monuments, and few would have gone around the corner to see it after a few years; instead of which they gave the commission to the foremost sculptor of his time; he gave to Lucerne a great work of art; and in consequence crowds of people from all ends of the earth flock to Lucerne to look at the Lion, to buy models of it and photographs of it, and to go home and tell all their friends that whatever else they miss seeing in Switzerland they must not miss going to Lucerne and seeing that most impressive and beautiful memorial.



The drive along the Lake of Lucerne, (or the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, to give it its

full title), is surely one of the loveliest in the world. And no day could have been finer. Clouds there were; but only light, fleecy ones that moved lazily over the faces of the higher mountains—veiling their beauties only for the moment. We certainly have been most fortunate as to weather on our whole trip; and if we had to name the most beautiful drive of all we have had, surely this afternoon's would come first. Every element of beauty enters in—lake, wooded hills, lofty mountains, wonderful precipices, picturesque villages, flowers and sunlight; a soft mist gives a tender blue to the farther distances and completes the glory of color.

But if the landscape is sublime in its beauty, there is still one drawback for us—the roadway is too narrow. When we meet a carriage there is hardly room to pass; the road is thronged with pedestrians who glare at us with scarcely veiled hatred and contempt; in passing a motor, (there are other sinners in this Eden), we are so jammed up against the wall that the Dragon scrapes the whole side of his body. To tell the truth this road is no place for motors, and they ought to be forbidden, as they are in many other places in Switzerland.

Arrived at Brunnen we look up at Axenfels—our destination, and wonder whether it is safe for the Green Dragon to attempt climbing the

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mountain. It is well to reconnoitre. So the Dragon remains below while some of us walk for half an hour up the road, to investigate its curves and grades. We decide that it is safe to try it; so waving a white signal to come on, from the last and heaviest curve, we abide the result. Before long we hear the sound of the Dragon whiffling through the woods; he swings into sight, rounds successfully the narrow curve and goes speeding up the last steep ascent. It is a stiff climb, but the Dragon rises manfully—I suppose we should say dragonfully—to the occasion; and actually gaining power as he sweeps around the last curve he deposits us, bag and baggage, at the door of the nicest hotel in Switzerland.



In the evening, after a delicious dinner, as we take our coffee on the terrace and stroll through the beautiful gardens stretched along the top of the cliffs, our eyes are attracted far down to the little town of Brunnen, hundreds of feet below. Every building is ablaze with light, and the lights are reflected in the waters of the lake. The strains of distant music are wafted up to us, and are answered by our own capital band of Italian musicians seated on the terrace. From the summit of the precipice directly across the lake, where another large hotel is perched, comes a shower of fireworks—beautiful rockets which

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explode in air, letting fall a multi-colored rain of fire down into the water far below. We answer by rival showers and by lighting huge blazing torches along the front of the terrace and through the gardens. It is still the first of August and we are celebrating Swiss Independence. (We prefer to celebrate it in the evening—other things being equal).

It is a rare and beautiful sight. No wonder those of our party who have never been here before, looking at the dark masses of the huge mountains, at the dimly shimmering snow fields of the Uri Rothstock high up in the sky, at Brunnen's glittering lights and the still waters of the lake far below us, at the stars and shooting fires above us, and listening to the captivating music—no wonder they smile and with shining eyes cry, "Why, this is fairyland!" "No," I reply, "it's not fairyland; it's better; it's Switzerland."



XIV

LEAVING SWITZERLAND

Chamounix,

Monday, August 19, 1907.

This is not a tale of mountain tramping, so it is not necessary to tell of our stay at Axenfels; of our climb up the Frohnalpstock,—(it should have been a walk, but after we stupidly lost our way it became a climb, and a stiff climb at that);—nor of our disastrous day on the Niederbauen (may its name be forever accursed!)—nor of our surrender to the heat and the horse-flies, so that we tamely exchanged tramping for loafing. Neither shall we allude to certain games of tennis and wearers of petticoats—but hush! it would not be fair to tell too much—there are others.

After a week or so we are ready to move on—at least some of us are. So we tear ourselves away from the charms and charmers of Axenfels; and drive back to Lucerne; going this time to the north of the Rigi, where we find a far less beautiful, but wider and safer road than the one along the lake.

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The Green Dragon, like others of our party, shows a remarkable disinclination to leave places. The only serious trouble we have with him is when we are starting away after giving him a rest. It was so at Southampton; it was so at Paris; and now it is so at Lucerne. We are ready to leave Lucerne (after another look at the Lion) immediately after luncheon; the Dragon is not. It is necessary to start early in order to get over the Brunig pass, which is only open to motors between ten and four; that makes no difference to the Dragon, who will start when he gets ready and not before.

He does not get ready until too late in the afternoon for the Brunig; so after some uncertainty as to what is best to do, and some perplexing problems of maps and distances, we drive eastward a few miles, back along the road to Langenthal, and then turn south toward Thun. On the whole it is a pleasant outcome. The road takes us through a district untraversed by the tourist, in among ranges of lower mountains, through scenes of quiet loveliness that prevent our regretting the wonders of the Brunig. As we near Thun we have an exciting race with a thunder storm. It is dark—in fact the evening fell early and very black; we have had to find our way by aid of our electric pocket lamp and the occasional sign-posts, maps being of little use in

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the dark. The heavy, ominous clouds have been gathering all the afternoon, and now the lightning begins to reveal in sudden flashes the jagged outlines of the distant mountains. As we turn at last into the main road from Berne to Thun the lightning grows fiercer, the growls of thunder heavier, and we begin to feel that last sudden quiet,—that breathless suspense that precedes the sudden whirls of wind and burst of rain. Reckless of consequences, we speed along the road, plunging into the thick blackness of a patch of forest, dashing up the hill beyond, and making a record run past the outskirts of the town, until we reach the streets and slow up just as the dusty whirlwinds of the storm come rushing upon us. We make a final dash to the hotel and are safely housed when the storm breaks.

The next morning we breakfast with the glorious snow-fields of the Blumlislap fronting us across the lake; and then have a most lovely drive—perhaps even more beautiful than that along the Axen strasse at Brunnen, by the northern shore of the Lake of Thun to Interlaken.



Beautiful Interlaken! Beautiful, but alas, too well beloved of tourists! Here we are in the social whirl, without question. The hotels are full; the trains are hot and crowded;

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swarms of hurried travelers are rushing to Murren, to Launterbrunnen, to Grindelwald, over the Wengernalp, up the Jungfrau railway—here, there, and everywhere. We are only too thankful after a week in the neighborhood to regain peace and quiet in the shelter of the Green Dragon.



Here we must pause a moment while I hurl an anathema against the mountain railways of Switzerland. I know all their merits; I realize their convenience in getting you quickly and comfortably to where you want to go; I am aware that they enable a great many people to visit beautiful spots that they could not otherwise reach; I am alive to the inevitable "march of progress"; all these things I admit, and also the facts that they are extraordinarily well run and doubtless bring much wealth to the pockets of those who project them and the people of the places they reach. Yet in spite of all this, I wish they had never been born. From the first one up the Rigi to the latest one up the Jungfrau they are hateful things. I can see no advantages sufficient to compensate for spoiling the old Switzerland—the Switzerland we knew and loved, how many years ago? Call it thirty;—the Switzerland that has partly vanished and is passing to

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give place to a new Switzerland—a Switzerland planned and carried on, not alone for the tourist, but for the cheap and rapid rusher.

Take Murren as an example. Here is the most heavenly place I know on the earth's surface. To reach it we used to drive leisurely from Interlaken up that wonderful valley to Lauterbrunnen; ever coming nearer to the foot of the Jungfrau, and with the dazzling cone of the Silberhorn glistening ever more brightly against the blue sky. Arrived at Lauterbrunnen, after we had been to see the Staubbach falling like a thin veil of silver mist from the precipice above, we made our preparations for the climb to Murren—a good stiff three hours. When we arrived there we realized that we were up in the world, and felt well-nigh out of the world. Thousands of feet below us at the foot of the cliff we were perched on, lay the Lauterbrunnen valley; and opposite us that range of peaks—the most supremely beautiful and wonderful sight we had ever beheld—the Eiger, the Monch, the Jungfrau, the Ebnefluh, the Breithorn, and the rest of the “giants of the Bernese Oberland.” Murren was a village of a few scattered houses, of a few chalets for the cattle, and one hotel for those travelers who came for physical rest, for mountain climbing, or to let the glory and majesty of this wonderful place sink quietly into the very depths

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of their being, and so gain new strength and power to face the world and its battles again.



Nowadays you get into a crowded and stuffy railroad train at Interlaken. You can't see any views without craning your neck out of a window if you have the end seat; and if you haven't you may as well take up a book for you can't see anything. Arrived at Lauterbrunnen you find yourself at the foot of the most terrifying mountain railroad!—one that has a car in which you are hauled, along with other fellow-sufferers, straight up the mountainside several thousand feet by a wire cable which looks, as a friend recently remarked to us, about as reliable as a pink candy string; and as you are hauled slowly and jerkingly up, another car of sufferers is let slowly and jerkingly down. Then at the top of this railroad a trolley takes you in another crowded car to Murren. There you find the old hotel much enlarged and swarming with people—(you are lucky if you can get rooms at all); you find other large hotels with ball-rooms, tennis courts and afternoon teas—all the agreeable adjuncts of “the best society.” You are expected to appear in evening dress for dinner. In short, you might as well be at Newport or Bar Harbor and be done with it.

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Of course one does not object to dancing, nor tennis, nor afternoon teas, nor evening dress, even in Switzerland,—they are all good things in the proper place and at the proper time; but what folly to give up for these things the enjoyment of what Switzerland alone can give you. What a waste of time and money to come to Switzerland only to do what you could do at home just as well! If you want to climb mountains you can't be up all night dancing. If you want to make a business of dancing and tennis, why come to Switzerland? You see it is the same question raised by Paris in another form—a question of the real object of travel—a question of what you come to Europe for.



For my part I don't think that it was at all worth while to spoil the old Murren for the sake of bringing people here quickly and comfortably; nobody ought to want to get to Murren quickly and comfortably. The slowness and the toil of the ascent were part of Murren—part of the thing you came for. There is not at all the same argument that there is for attaching town to town by railroads for the purposes of trade. As for the people that come now who otherwise couldn't,—the great majority of them would be just as well satisfied to get their dancing and

tennis somewhere else. There are only a few who ought to come to Murren who would be cut off if there were no railroad; and the gain of these few is much more than counterbalanced by the loss of what Murren was.

Only those who have experienced both sensations can realize the difference between the satisfaction of a fine view gained by the hard labor of a toilsome ascent, and the same view when one is carried to it by a mountain railway. The whole thing is so cheapened that it is like a different thing. Instead of the healthy glow of physical exercise, of the feeling of a reward gained by honest effort, of achieving something you have striven and worked for—instead of these pleasures it is a mere matter of sordid bargain and sale. You buy your ticket, step with the rest of the crowd into the car, and the engine does the rest. You arrive at your destination cold and glum; you—but enough of the subject,—it is not pleasant, and it is not the Green Dragon.

I ought to add that Murren still remains, in spite of the railway, one of the most heavenly places in the world; and some folks find that angelic beings are to be found even where tennis and dancing are indulged in !



From Interlaken to Chamounix there were a number of routes. We selected one and started,

LEAVING SWITZERLAND.

as usual in fine weather. First to Thun where we lunched and walked once more through the picturesque streets; then to Bern, where we amused ourselves for a few moments watching the antics of the bears which have been there—they and their ancestors, for many centuries; then to Freiburg, another picturesque and interesting place where we spent a night; then on the next day to Bulle.

Why do I pause at Bulle? Because we paused there; and decided to run out of our way for two or three miles and visit Gruyeres. A little volume we had about Switzerland told us it was worth a visit; and indeed it was. We found it one of the most fascinating little places that could be imagined; perched on top of a hill, with its walls, towers and castle complete. After ascending the steep old bridle path, and passing through the gateway you felt suddenly transported back into the sixteenth century at least. The quaintest of old houses line the street (there is only one street), and one sees cut in the stone over more than one doorway figures that show an age of over three hundred years.

At one end of the hill, where is the steepest descent to the valley below stands the castle of the old Counts of Gruyeres. The family came to an end in the seventeenth century; and the castle was finally sold by the canton. It was purchased

by a Genevan, whose brother was something of an artist, and had studied painting in Paris. It has now passed into the hands of a wealthy watch manufacturer, who makes it his summer home; and who, like his predecessor, has taken pleasure in making the castle a veritable treasure-house of old furniture and local history.

"Can one see the chateau?" we asked of a friendly peasant in the valley below, who gave us permission to store the motor in a convenient shed. He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said; "perhaps. It is easier for strangers to see it than for the people about here." With this encouragement when we reached the castle we boldly rang at the gate. The concierge looked dubious, and said something about cards. We promptly took out our calling cards—(in Europe an engraved visiting card is a sure mark of proper social position)—and handed them over. The concierge carried them away, and presently returned with the desired permission.

A more delightful residence could not be imagined. We were shown the parlor, a beautiful room wainscoted to the ceiling where Corot and other well known French artists have left valuable mementos of their visits by painting the panels, (those of Corot are of course worth their weight in gold); the dining room frescoed with

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the history of Gruyeres; the bedrooms, with the old four-posted beds; the torture chamber, now a billiard room—a much better use as our guide facetiously observed; the guard room with a big fire-place where they could roast a whole ox; and the lovely little garden—it was all charming. There was a quaint out-of-the-world flavor about it all that was unmistakable—the men in the streets touched their hats and bade us good morning. It was quite evident that no mountain railway had reached Gruyeres as yet; although a little narrow gauge line has got as far as Bulle. May it end there for many years!*

But this chapter makes itself too long. There is no time to tell about the wonderful views over the Lake of Geneva to the Dent du Midi; of the descent to Vevay; of the ride along the lake shore and the first sight of Mt. Blanc. Even the wonderful road from Geneva up to Chamounix must be omitted. And as we have now reached Savoy, we are again in France, and Switzerland lies behind us.

* It should be mentioned that Gruyeres gives the French name to what we call after the German name, Swiss cheese. That we which had at luncheon at Bulle was the most delicious ever tasted.



XV

BACK THROUGH FRANCE

Paris,

Monday, August 26, 1907.

The road back! Yes—everything must come to an end; even our adventures with the Green Dragon. There seemed at one time to be no valid reason why we should not keep on forever; motors have been making a run from Pekin to Paris, why should not the Dragon take us from Paris to Pekin?

Thus suggested thoughtless Pleasure; but stern Duty shook her head and gravely remarked: "It's no use—you've had your share of fun—it's time to go home and go to work."

So behold us one day with our guide high up amid the rocks and snows of Savoy, ten thousand feet above the sea level; the Green Dragon reposing at Chamounix, six thousand feet below us; with an absolutely cloudless sky overhead, and around us the peaks and glaciers at the back of Mt. Blanc. As we sit eating our frugal luncheon after a stiff climb of four steady hours, from the Montainvert, and enjoying the same glorious views that one of the party had seen

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no less than twenty-nine years ago, we say sorrowfully to one another: "This is our last day—tomorrow we must start back."

And the next day we started back. We bade a sorrowful farewell to Chamounix, most wonderful of valleys, to Mt. Blanc, king of European mountains, and to the Patisserie des Alpes—(no, boys! that pretty girl who served tea won't be there twenty-nine years from now!)—and the Green Dragon turned his head toward home.

This time there was no delay in starting—the Dragon evidently knows where his stall is, and is in a hurry to get there. It is about five hundred miles to Paris by way of Bourg, Bourges and Chartres. Can we do it in three days to enable two of our party to catch their steamer? "Perhaps we can if we don't stop to see too many churches," remarks one irreverent voice. Well, we can try, but there are a number of stops we must make, and some churches we have come abroad to see.

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Stop first is Geneva where we are forced to return for an errand or two, and where we lunch. Then we drive on a few miles to the Swiss frontier where we have the second stop—to get back the Swiss customs duties which we paid at Delle. Then onward again by the rocky defile of L'Ecluse, where the Rhone has forced a pas-

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sage through the Jura, to Bellegarde. Here is stop the third—French customs; and the baggage which has been forwarded there from Geneva to be reshipped to Paris. Then onward, up barren but picturesque valleys; past towns, lakes and ruined castles; suddenly out upon a wide-spreading view of stern hills, rocky valleys and picturesque villages—all lying far below us; and down an impressive descent where the magnificent high-road—(oh, these wonderful French roads again!) winds down the face of the mountain by a slow and even grade that never seems to vary by an inch; past Point de l'Ain with its old castle of the Dukes of Savoy; to the town of Bourg—where we reach stop number four.



Here at Brou, a suburb of Bourg, is the church celebrated in Matthew Arnold's poem, with its three wonderful tombs, of Philibert II. of Savoy, his wife and his mother. The church was saved at the time of the Revolution by turning it into a place for the storage of hay; and the tombs, in a very perfect state of preservation, are the most beautiful in Europe.

It is a touching story—the charming young bride, “from Vienna by the Danube,” coming to her handsome husband in the spring; in the autumn the Duke brought in dead from a hunting accident; the sorrowing mother's recollection of

a former vow to build a church; her death before the work was well begun; the work continued by the widowed wife and the erection of the three tombs—the husband-son in the center of the church with his hands turned toward his mother, whose tomb is on the right, and his face turned toward his wife on the left. All three tombs, together with a large marble altar-piece, are miracles of exquisite carving. There is not its like elsewhere in the world.

We have made such good time that instead of spending the night at Bourg we continue our run and arrive at Macon, where we cross the broad Somme by an old arched bridge and lodge in a delightfully quaint old hotel with rooms that open from galleries around a court yard. One of our rooms has painted panels, and looks for all the world like the old-fashioned, impossible theatrical parlor of the stage. When we go into or out of the room we always feel as if we were “entering center,” or making our “exit left upper entrance.”



Macon is only a mile or two from the historic ground where the Helvetii crossed the Somme in their attempt to enter Gaul, and where Julius Caesar gave them a drubbing which sent them scuttling back to Switzerland—as High school students may perhaps remember. (All such are

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respectfully referred to Cæsar's Gaelic War, Book I. Ah, how well we remember that "awful hard" section, fourteenth was it not?—even after the passage of these many years).



On our first day's run we made a great record; one hundred and fifty miles in spite of stops. Could we equal it the second day? We made an early start; and for the second time only in our trip found ourselves in bad weather. We drove through a mild shower of rain for some distance; but had come to good weather again before we stopped to lunch at Moulins. As for the roads we were on; a winding, somewhat narrow road of the "second class" the first part of the morning; then we struck a Route Nationale and found the best motor roads we had yet seen. Long, straight stretches led for miles up hill and down, through villages and forests, and over moors where the lovely purple heather was blooming. One stretch in the afternoon we found was seven miles long; another we figured out to be fourteen. It got to be really exciting as we reached the top of each successive rise, to see whether we were nearing the ultimate bend in the road. Such roads would be wearisome in a carriage; with the Dragon they were delightful. Otherwise the scenery grew tamer, and as we neared Bourges became quite flat and unattractive.

Bourges is an interesting town with two special claims to one's attention—the House of Jacques Cœur and the Cathedral. The first was built by the treasurer of King Charles VII.—the man who “financed,” as we should now say, the war against the English; and thus helped carry out the work which Joan of Arc began. When he became rich and had built this magnificent house, his enemies got busy; and with his usual ingratitude the King disgraced him, his life being saved only by the Pope's intercession. He died in an expedition against the Turks.

The House of Jacques Cœur is the finest example that remains of a Gothic city residence. It is now turned into a Palais de Justice or Law Courts; the great hall becoming the Court of Appeal. That has been completely changed; but other rooms, the hall-ways, staircases and chapel, the court-yard and exterior, remain in their original condition and are most interesting.

The Cathedral, one of the finest in France, is very curious in plan, as it has no transepts. The glorious stained glass is impossible to describe—except by saying that it is as fine as that in Reims and there is considerably more of it—most of the windows about the choir, both above and below, being perfect.

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If the roads into Bourges were fine, what shall I say of our next day's run from Bourges to Chartres, and thence to Paris, nearly two hundred miles? Here is the French road at its very best. We fairly fly from town to town, from city to city. The straight stretches are even longer than the day before; on one, we never alter a lever nor turn a wheel for twenty-five miles!! Rushing along at a steady, uniform pace, as straight as the flight of an arrow,—mile after mile,—it is one of the most exciting runs of the summer—and, ah me! it is the last day! We have to go home leaving so much of France unexplored!



We lunched at Orleans, where once more we were on the track of Joan of Arc. We crossed the bridge which was the central point of the great seige, and which she finally captured from the English. We also saw the house where she lodged during her stay in the city,—ever since cherished by the inhabitants of Orleans as a sacred spot.

We have now seen a number of the places specially connected with the Maid—Domremy, where she was born; Neufchateau, where she and her family fled from an English inroad; Vaucouleurs, where she received help from Baudri-

BACK THROUGH FRANCE.

court, and whence she started to the King at Chinon; Orleans, where she won her first great success; St. Pierre le Moutier, which she also saved; Reims, where she took her King to be crowned; Compiègne, where she was taken prisoner; and Rouen, where she was burned. Like the lady who breathed a sigh when she landed on the dock in New York and remarked, "Thank heaven, I've got Europe off my mind!" so we feel that we have done our duty this summer by Joan of Arc.

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From Orleans to Chartres the country gets flatter and flatter. This is the great plain of La Bauce, one of the granaries of France. The wheat is all cut now and only the golden stubble remains; and curious it is to look from the road over mile after mile of fields without a fence, tree, or landmark of any kind. But presently, far off in the distance, we can distinguish two tall spires—it is the Cathedral of Chartres, eleven miles away. But eleven miles is a trifle over such roads; and soon we are drawn up in front of the glorious old church and find—of course! I thought so—one of the spires is being restored.

Of all the cathedrals I know this is the one one loves the best. In the first place it has suffered less from restoration than most; then it is built

in the style of Gothic architecture—not the most perfect, perhaps, but surely the most noble; its spires are of different periods, one of very early Gothic, the other the latest—but both supremely beautiful; it has two porches at the north and south transepts which are among the finest things in all pointed architecture; it has a great stone screen about the choir, carved with scenes from the life of the Madonna, that is rivalled only by the one at Amiens; but above all it has its superb thirteenth century glass—practically complete. Bathed in the soft, subdued light from these glorious windows, the noble proportions of the great church have a chance to produce the full effect that its builders intended. No one can fully understand the Gothic cathedrals without coming to Chartres.

One could cover reams of paper rhapsodizing about this magnificent church and its wonderful windows, but what is the use? Nobody can ever feel the thrill of such things by reading about them. Moreover, our own American poet, Lowell, has spoken of Chartres once for all in “The Cathedral.”



So let us away to Paris. Past the Chateau of Maintenon, which gave its title to the woman who dominated the last years of Louis XIV.; past Rambouillet, where Francis I. used to hunt; past

BACK THROUGH FRANCE.

Versailles, where stands the big palace that helped to bring on the Revolution; past St. Cloud, where was once another palace, demolished by Prussian guns in 1871; and so once more across the river to the Wood of Boulogne and down the Avenue of the Elysian Fields to the Place of Concord, to Rivoli street, to Vendome Place, to Daunou street and the Hotel of the Empire. Again we are in Paris.

We have made our five hundred miles in three days, with ease and comfort over these wonderful roads; but as we take our last dinner together and drink the health of the Green Dragon we vainly wish that we had it all to do over again.



XVI

THE DRAGON'S LAST RUN

S. S. Teutonic,

Thursday, September 5, 1907.

The rest is soon told. After a few days in Paris, our party, now sadly reduced in numbers, is once more ready to start. Passage taken ten days earlier than planned and last errands hastily done, it only remains to drive the Dragon back to Southampton and our adventures are over. Alas, the day !

Once again we start late from Paris. Avoiding Pontoise and the scene of our cross country run, but losing our road twice and stopping to repair a puncture—our sixth and last—once again we reach Beauvais after nightfall.

Early the next morning (we think four o'clock decidedly early), we are off for Boulogne. The Green Dragon evidently does not like to get up early—he makes queer noises—he limps, he coughs, he grunts; is it possible that now, at the very last moment, he is going to misbehave, and make us lose the boat. In the dim, early dawn a friendly gendarme comes toward us—not to arrest us for making unseemly noises, as we feared at first, but to show official sympathy with

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our struggles to get the Dragon moving properly. Slowed down, he makes a fair start; move up the lever and he apparently throws a fit. We are due at Boulogne at ten for the twelve o'clock boat to Folkstone; and the Shover begins to get dangerously near the swearing point, as the cause of the trouble fails to reveal itself. After an anxious delay the difficulty is suddenly and satisfactorily solved. It is discovered that some thoughtful person has partially closed a stop-cock, thereby shutting off the supply of gasoline for the Dragon's consumption. Thus we grow wiser every day; we have learned our second great lesson—not only must the Dragon have proper nourishment, but it must be delivered at the proper place where he can get it. Burdened with such an amount of knowledge we begin to feel almost like experts !

But no time is to be lost. Boulogne at ten ! We are off and out of Beauvais one hour late, and are soon rushing northwards at the rate of—well ! there is no speed limit in France. A moist fog blinds our glasses and dampens our clothing and our spirits; but on the other hand, there is nothing to impede our progress—no cart or cattle on the roads; no people stirring about the towns and villages so early; and better still, no dogs, no hens and no sheep. The fog gradually clears as we dash ahead—up hill, down hill and around

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the hills—through villages and across rivers—always over the firm, smooth, white roads. Thus we make our last run in France.



We reach Boulogne an hour ahead of our schedule, having even taken time to stop on our way for a glimpse of the great church of St. Wulfram at Abbeville. In due time the French customs duties have been paid back, the Green Dragon has been swung bodily by a gigantic crane aboard the boat, and we are crossing the channel on a pleasant, sunshiny day, with (thank Heaven) smooth water.



Over night the Dragon rests at Folkstone; and the next day upon the arrival of our train from London, where we have been doing some of our final round of errands, we start for Rye, where it has been decided to spend the night. But we find the Rye hotel "full up," as the English say, and so we run on to Hastings, which we find a typical English seaside resort, with swarms of people listening to the band on the esplanade, and a long iron pier running out to sea.

Of course we want to see the battlefield of Hastings, where was fought that fierce conflict which altered more history than almost any other ever waged; so the next morning we turn inland

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and mount the hill back of Hastings to begin our last day's run. It always seems as though battles have usually been named from places where they were not fought. At any rate we find that the Battle of Hastings did not occur at Hastings at all, but at a place several miles inland called in Saxon, Senlac—the field of blood. It is now called Battle; and here we see the outside at least of the famous Abbey founded by the conquerer, and situated on the very hill where Harold's standard floated on that fateful day in 1066. As we drive slowly away we find ourselves on the opposite hill, on the identical spot where William the Norman stood, and whence he advanced to victory and the English crown.

Then by devious and charming roads—England is as lovely as ever—we run on to Brighton, with its hideous Pavilion designed by George IV; to Arundel, with its wonderful old castle; to Chichester, with its Cathedral; and so on to Southampton. The Green Dragon draws up in front of the Southwestern Hotel; yonder by the White Star dock lies the Teutonic at anchor; our adventures are over!



A FEW WORDS BY WAY OF FINALE

ITEM.

Six tire punctures; not so bad in three thousand miles—over eight weeks of travel!



CASUALTIES.

(1.) One dog. English. Fat old fox-terrier. Persisted, despite loud warnings, in remaining in center of road,—apparently under the impression that he was as ponderous as a cow, and that his posterior formed an impenetrable barrier to the Dragon's advance. Emerged from the rear with self-conceit and cut of his coat considerably ruffled, but otherwise unharmed.

(2.) One dog. English. Mongrel or "Yaller" dog. N. G. The scribe refuseth to state who was steering when the Dragon ran over—no! When the dog stupidly insisted upon getting under and staying under him. The reward donated by the young Keeper of the Purse to the owner was so large that an enormous increase in that locality of dogs trained for motorcide may be anticipated.

(3.) One hen. Swiss. The hens in Switzerland have not yet learned to run fast; those of

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the next generation (if any survive) will probably be much more alert.

(4.) One hen. French. The hens of France are much better athletes than those of Switzerland. They have more practice. This hen lived on a side road where hens are not much used to exercise on a large scale; hence her hensuing hend.



A SERIOUS WORD.

Joking aside: the danger to animals is one great and serious drawback to the pleasures of motoring. It is very well to say that hens and dogs should be kept at home; they have had the run of the highways from time immemorial and neither people nor hens can change their habits all at once, at the bidding and for the pleasure of a few motorists. If all motorists were careful and reasonable the problem would be simple; so would it be if all other people were careful and reasonable.

But worse than the danger to animals—for this can be minimized with care in driving, is the discomfort of the human beings. In the exhilaration of the rapid flight you forget the hideous trail of dust you are leaving behind you, until you see the shrinking aside of the people

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you meet—the genuine distress on the faces of daintily dressed women,—the disgust, if not hatred, in the eyes of men—who in another instant will be blinded and soiled and dishevelled by the rush of dirt which follows close behind you. Little boys call naughty words after you; little girls make faces; until sometimes the pleasure of the drive is spoiled if you are at all sensitive to the good opinion of your fellowmen—and who is not? On the other hand, when the children wave their hands to you, and the peasant in his blue blouse calls out a merry good morning, and the women smile from the doorways—and in places these things still happen, I am glad to say—you feel correspondingly happy. It is with motoring as with most other things, the innocent suffer for the guilty; the selfish and unreasonable hogs, (I use the word advisedly), make it hard for those who wish to be reasonable and careful of the rights of others. Where motors are frequent, there you are hated; where they are rare, there you are welcomed. It is not an agreeable thought.

At the best it is a selfish pleasure—this motoring. Most pleasures are; but this seems to bestow on other people the maximum of discomfort. There is no other sport that I can think of that is so selfish. Railroads bring dirt and noise and discomfort; but they are great public utilities.

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The automobile is for the exclusive pleasure of those seated within; but it brings with it dirt, noise and discomfort just the same.

But if as a sport it is selfish, it is without question the most delightful mode of travel. With all the charms of the old stage-coach, it is far more comfortable; with all the comforts of a private carriage, it is far more convenient; with all the conveniences of the railway it is far more flexible. The motor has all the advantages of railway, stage-coach and carriage combined.

In a motor there is no hurry in starting, no confusion on arrival. You can leave when you get ready and travel each day as long as you like. You can rush madly across the country, or you can stop to examine every little village, visit every church and climb to every old castle, You can pluck wild flowers along the banks and hedges; stop to admire the lovely view, or photograph each charming bit of scenery. If you are hungry you can eat, if tired of running you can stop and rest, or if tired of resting you can hurry on. You enter every place by the front gates, instead of through the back yards. If you don't like the looks of the town in which you have planned to spend the night, or can't get rooms at the hotel, you can fly on to the next place. There is no scramble for seats; no crowds, no pushing, no heat, no cinders. You can run fast over un-

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interesting country and slow up when there is much to see. In short, you enjoy that most delightful of sensations—freedom of action.

When motoring has ceased to be a “fad” with the idle rich who have taken it up merely as a new form of excitement; when we have learned enough self-restraint to be content to go slowly and leisurely so as really to see the country; when roads are built so hard that the surface can't be torn up and thrown in the faces of passers by; when they have invented a horn that is not a direct incentive to profanity, and yet can be heard loud enough to warn; when dogs and hens are trained to run away from the motor instead of under it; then motoring will be simply ideal. At present it's not ideal, but it is as near it as most things human attain.



FAREWELL.

Gentle Readers of THE AUBURN CITIZEN! Many of you have followed patiently this unworthy record of a most interesting trip. Its writer is but too well aware of how hopelessly inadequate it is. It has been dull when it should have amused you; it has been trite when it should have had the charm of novelty; it has been long where it should have been short, and short where

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it should have been long. Yet the intention at least has been sincere. The party in the Green Dragon enjoyed a most interesting experience; and some of that enjoyment we would fain have shared with you. To take you all with us was impossible—to show you the glorious green of the English trees—to bow in reverence before the mighty dead in Westminster Abbey—to live again through past ages in the St. Albans' pageant—to fly before the coming of night over Salisbury plain—to visit church or castle in the "pleasant land of France"—to worship once more at the shrine of Venus in the Louvre at Paris—to feel the spell of the holy Maid at Domremy—to climb to the dizzy heights of eternal snow at Murren or Chamounix—to rush at break-neck speed over those long stretches of wonderful white French roads—to watch the sunlight turn to sparkling jewels through the painted windows of Bourges or Chartres—we could not give you these; but, if we have made any of you want to know a little more about these places, if you are led to seek the books of those who can really give you pleasure by what they have written, if we have prompted you to any new interest in this wonderful world and its wonderful history of the past and wonderful sights of the present, then these papers have more than served their purpose. They have been scribbled at all sorts of odd mo-

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ments, and in all sorts of odd places—seated by the roadside while tires were mended, in crowded hotels, in silent places of the mountains, in the stuffy cabin of a steamer. But wherever they were written they have been surrounded by pleasant thoughts of the kind voices and familiar faces of the friends before whose eyes the printed page might come. And to those friends I give a parting wish: “May you each some day travel through Europe with a pleasant party in a Green Dragon of your own.”

T. M. O.





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